

THE TIMES.

VOL. V, NO. 291

GREENSBORO, N. C., JULY 21, 1860.

[WHOLE NO. 233.]

Because thou art so Dear to Me.

BY FANNIE STEVENS FROST.

I would I were this sunbeam bright,
That glides so softly on thy cheek,
And kisses and thy waving hair,
And makes the red rose on thy cheek,
I would I were this careless breeze—
So softly passing o'er thy hair—
Which steals the fragrance from thy lips,
And lifts the dark curls from thy brow.
A breeze or sunbeam I would be,
Because thou art so dear to me.

I would I were a dainty flower,
A bud of garden, grove, or lea,
To win, I but one radiant smile,
One tender word, or thought from thee,
I would I were Titania's self,
To look beneath thine eye's deep glow,
To see each shadow from thy heart—
Each gleam of care, or pain, or woe.
A flower or fairy I would be,
Because thou art so dear to me.

I would I were some shining bird,
Some captive from a far-off land,
I'd leave my fetters shiver cold,
Were they but forced by thy soft hand,
I would I were a child of air,
To ever hover o'er thy hair,
I'd weave thee gleaming dreams by night,
And bless and keep thee all the day.
A bird or Peri I would be,
Because thou art so dear to me.

WEBSTER.

A Speech Delivered at the Junior High School, May 21st, in contest for the annual Prize Medal.

BY DAVID L. CLARY.

The man of genius has always been honored. The record of his life still lives, when Kings and countries have been forgotten. Every age and every nation has produced men, who have written their names upon the scroll of time in characters more durable than bronze or marble. Master minds, who outstripped all contemporaries in the struggle for immortality, leaving behind them names that survived the splendors of their own government. They stand boldly out in relief against the dull past—the only connecting links, that bind us to the former ages. Revolution, in its march of destiny, is powerless to erase them, and time does not tarnish their lustre. Every country boasts of such beacon lights, and thousands make pilgrimages to their venerated tombs—most willing votaries to offer homage at the shrines of genius and talent. Greece and Rome, those cradles of eloquence and song, are rich in classic lore. Still later, the pilgrim's feet linger near Stratford upon Avon, tread the dim aisle of Westminster Abbey, and he curls many a historic flower from British soil. Even we, whose years have not yet numbered a single century, gaze with veneration upon the simple tombs where sleep Columbia's heroes and statesmen.

Each spot, that was honored with their presence while living, wears a sacred charm in the eyes of their admiring countrymen and is fraught to them with classic interest. No place can boast of richer historical association than the halls of our Capitol, which are consecrated by names that would have honored the proudest Senate ever assembled upon earth, names, of which it has been truthfully said—"No country or people would willingly let die." Under its dome has been heard the tide of eloquence from Kentucky's great son—the immortal Clay. Calhoun and Preston have trod its floors, and there poured out their living fire to enraptured ears. For-ryth and Gaston have been enchained, with mighty power, the attention of all. Others, no less gifted with native talent, distinguishing characteristic of American Statesmen, stand side by side with these. But in all the brilliant array, that comprise our national galaxy, no name when uttered, strikes a deeper chord of sympathy in every heart, than that of the son of the "Granite State," Daniel Webster, who stands the colossus of the group. Let it be heard in the forest of Maine, in the savannas of the South, or, wherever American enterprise has penetrated, and each one is proud to say—"I too, am an American."

When we look upon him in the vigor of his glorious manhood, as he stands the Demosthenes of the Senate—the pride of a Nation, swaying thousands by his earnest appeals and the deep ringing tones of his voice, and above all by the charms of his invisible logic; we are apt to forget that he was born in a humble log-cabin among the blue hills of the Merrimac. No fortuitous accident of birth placed him upon

the highway to fame. No bright star shone propitiously upon his natal eve. No astrologer with weird incantations and mystic spells, predicted his future greatness. He was only endowed with the birth-right of every American youth—a thirst for knowledge and a reliance upon himself. He was virtually a self-made man—No assisting hand led him on step by step or afforded him support. He carved out, alone, and unaided, an undying name, and has left it worthy of the artist's hands.

In the Statesman and an orator, famous for his legal acumen and deep insight into the science of government, and gifted with all the charms of true eloquence, we forget the brave youth, battling with all the opposing difficulties of his boyhood. Nothing better illustrates his undimmed perseverance, and the obstacles, with which he had to contend, than being compelled to teach school during college vacations to pay his necessary collegiate expenses. Thoroughly mastering every subject with which he grappled, his success was rapid and complete. Step by step, he passed by his lazing companions in the journey of life, who had started with fairer prospects and more flattering expectations of reaching a high position, but who lacked that requisite of true greatness—a spirit that never falters or yields. Relying only for success upon the innate powers of his mind, for what he accomplished, he stands a true representative of the brightest stars in the galaxy of American Statesmen.

Never has our nation been better represented in Congress, than when Webster first took his place upon the Senate floor. The most brilliant minds it has ever produced, were assembled then and there. Uniting the most profound legal ability with the deepest knowledge of political economy, it was truly a Senate of Statesmen, and he, who would rise in that crowd, must be gifted with vast powers of mind; for it was a contest of mind with mind, and each one found "foemen worthy of his steel." Fresh from the toils of his profession, the voice of pleasure never lured him from duty. Ambition never betrayed him into an act unworthy of his position or character. Always prompt when duty led, he never proved false to himself or country. From the youngest member, he soon rose to wield an influence second to none, standing indeed, a giant among giants.

He was always the defender and supporter of the constitution. His expostitions of it are charts of government. Indeed, Everett has said: "They are authorities, rather than illustrations, which the student of constitutional law will always seek." Union was his theme and his motto, and so long as we can have such party leaders, there will be no danger of political aspirants or ambitious demagogues, tearing from its high position, our national ensign—the banner of equality and freedom, which now waves so triumphantly over the North and South.

No sectional prejudice biased his judgment, or party spirit influenced his actions in his administration of the State affairs. One ardent wish for the prosperity of his country filled his breast—it was the guiding star of his life. All the strength of his gigantic mind was exerted to bind in close alliance the Union of the States, and he opposed, with all his power, all infringing upon the Constitution or constitutional rights. Look upon him in whatever position you will, either in the retirements of his family, when, with his own hands, he tills the soil of Marshfield, or, in a display of legal skill; look upon him, when he is the nation's representative at the court St. James, or when he fills his place in the Senate hall of his country, and you will always find him possessing that high integrity, that fixity of purpose, that unswerving sense of justice and honor, that deep and ardent love of country, which have ever been the predominant traits of our most eminent Statesmen. Even, when at the head of the department of State, he labored as earnestly and faithfully for the good of his country as when he toiled in the office of register of deeds to gain means to send his brother Ezekiel to college.

Commanding in person, eminent in talent, persuasive in manner, eloquent in debate, and firm as the granite of his native hills in principle, he appears to our view, as the true realization of an ideal Statesman. America may well be proud of her son, for he towers Colossus-like amid the giant minds of his age.

The American literature and science of government of to-day bear the impress of his genius, and the reverence with which his words are quoted in all legislative assemblies and the deep veneration his name inspires in every heart, need no better proof of an imperishable fame. Under the guidance of him and of others, that noble bark, the ship of State, bearing at its mast head the broad pennon of Union, has steamed every current and rode victorious through every gale. "His name has long since become a household word throughout the land, nor do the limits of country or language confine it. It is one of the few that was not born to die. Time cannot dim its brilliancy or wither its classic laurels. Posterity will ever honor it, and should both Goth or Vandal hands desecrate the proud temples of our country, or should party factions, in their blind ambition, should that Constitution, to which he gave his life long support, even then it will be loved and cherished, and his memory be but the brighter in the surrounding gloom. His actions cannot die, and his words still live, and ever will, and he has left us a rich legacy in these, which are worthy to be written on every heart and should be inscribed in golden characters upon the facade of the capital, for when uttered they thrill every American breast, cheer each patriot's heart, link us as a nation with closer ties and paint the future in brighter colors. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The Dying Girl.

BY E. W. C.

Bright spirits beckon me onward,
I must not stay,
Visions of the bright future,
Lighten my way.

Silver locks are shining,
Father, must I bid,
Life with thee's destined,
Father, must I bid.

Mother, dear come nearer,
The death darts on my brow,
My heart is beating faintly,
But my spirit's joys now.

Come nearer Brother dearest,
My life is ebbing fast,
The ticking clock is tolling,
The moments near the last.

Don't grieve for me my Brother,
Nor for me bid to spare,
I'm better far, in Heaven,
Dear loved ones, "meet me there."

"On earth there blooms no thornless rose."

A Competition held at the Junior High School, May 21st, in contest for the annual Prize Medal.

BY MISS A. E. CLAYVELL.

Go where we will the broad earth ever bears the beautiful. Our path is thronged with roses sweet and fragrant—flowers gay we meet on every hand—our cup of bliss is often full and overflowing, but while our hearts beat high with countless pleasures, and we are ready to believe that earth contains naught else, a ruthless thorn will rise to blight and blast them all. Indeed earth bears no roses without thorns.

As merrily we pass through youthful prime twining rosy wreaths to deck our brow, we find that even in the morning of life, many little trains of grief spring up in our pathways as we grasp the tempting sweets of life, and clasp them eagerly to our bosom, some cruel destroyer will mingle in to mar our happiness and destroy our hopes; this will ever be our fate as long as earth remains our home.

To-day we float in joys teeming from a thousand sources, to-morrow sorrows come to correspond. Our walks through life are paved on either hand with sweet and bitter—joy and sorrow so closely blended, they cannot be severed.

Mingled with the glittering diamonds and sparkling rubies are many black and foul stones; here, is a pearl marred by dark watery veins; there a diamond flawed, or an opal ruined by mixture with some coarser ore. Vainly we strive to look upon the beautiful, without seeing the deformed; if we would contemplate one, we must the other.

While we ramble along the banks of a beautiful stream, or around some ivy grown cliff, gathering wild flowers, we seldom think, of the poisonous weed, or deadly serpent, coiled in our path, until warned by its sting. While

backing in the smiles of the home clock, its ear to the voices of the loved ones, we are often reminded that our paths are not destitute of thorns; the death angel, by a sweep of his fatal scythe removes from our embraces kind father, an affectionate mother, a devoted sister, or a loved brother—Oh! the pang that pierces the heart at that moment, none but one who has felt the wound can describe.

When our first mother dwelt in Eden surrounded by the glories of that celestial place, only "a little lower than the angels," she little thought these thorns lurked within the walls of that beautiful garden, a thorn—a bitter thorn—that should send her weeping, through the gates of her happy abode never more to return. That thorn sank deep into the heart of man to pierce and grieve whenever he is forgetful of the kind hand that guided him; and but for that,

This earth would be an Eden here
Without a thorn of sin or care
But Oh! it is an Eden lost
And none can turn his thorny cross.

That curse still rests upon us, and can only be removed, by the Lamb that was slain, which taketh away all sin; through Him alone, we look to be restored to Paradise, where no sweets without the bitter, and no crosses without thorns.

Anticipations of the Future.

BY ELMER E.

The old adage that no one is contented with his own lot, is true perhaps without exception. Among all mankind there is a general restlessness and dissatisfaction. However favorably circumstanced for the enjoyment of pleasure; though surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can afford, and by kind, sympathizing and loving friends, there is always something wanting. The human soul is constantly going out after something which it has not—longing after something it hardly knows what. Occasionally, indeed, a few bright hours of pleasure may shine upon us, and cause us for the time to forget all cares, all regrets, and all aspirations for anything better; but these come but seldom, are soon gone, and serve only to render the general tedium of our lives more felt and dispiriting. Like the lightnings of the night clouds, that illumine for a moment, are gone, and all is dark again, darker apparently than before.

But amid all this restlessness and disquietude, there is one bright angel ever present with us, to animate and encourage us—"Thine Hope, sweet Hope, soul inspiring, comforting Hope—she points us to the future; she tells us, mind not the little vexations and disappointments of the present; they are only the mocking prelude to a joyous future. A few short years, and all that our hearts desire, all our fondest and long cherished wishes, shall be fully realized. Let imagination draw a picture of all that is desirable, all that is bright and beautiful it all shall be ours. Would we have friends; friends will gather around us, firm, constant and true. Would we have fame? our praises shall be on the lips of all. Would we have knowledge; knowledge, in some unknown way, will come to us of her own accord, without any laborious effort on our part: Our friends and associates shall be the learned and wise, and we ourselves shall be equally learned and wise with them. Would we be benefactors of our fellows; wealth will pour into our laps a superabundance of her treasures, which we will dispense on the needy around us as their necessities may require. Poverty and want shall dwell nowhere near us; we will give bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and comfort to the distressed. Peace and Plenty and cheerfulness shall be our handmaids, whom we will send on errands of mercy to whomsoever we will; and thus, while ministering to the comfort of others, our own cup of bliss shall be full; we shall be completely and permanently happy.

All nature, too, shall be in perfect harmony with our feelings. The earth shall be more beautiful, the heavens of a brighter azure; the birds shall sing more sweetly, the flowers shall be more fragrant and beautiful, the air more balmy, the mountains more majestic, the cool shady valleys more delightful and refreshing. We shall live contented and happy, in love with ourselves and all mankind, and enjoying the approving smile of our God.

These are the whisperings of Hope; and

how ready we are to believe her. But Reason, proud, stern, uncomprehending Reason, smiles at our foolish credulity. She tells us that Hope is beautiful, but she is oftentimes a deluder and always so when she points us to complete earthly enjoyment. Reason tells us that happiness is not the chief object of our being here, else man would be more generally happy, and individual happiness would always be proportionate to individual goodness. She tells us, we must not expect entire freedom from troubles, nor fix our hearts on any particular time in the future when we shall enjoy more than an ordinary degree of happiness; for whenever we have done so in the past, we have always been disappointed. But yet she tells us not to despair, nor settle down in useless and sinful repining; but she bids us seize all the lawful enjoyment we may, and bear with patience and resignation and even thankfulness the crosses and disappointments we may have to endure; for it is our Father that giveth us which He does it all with a view to our good.—She tells us, too, that there are times when we may listen to Hope; whenever she points us to joys above, then she is serious and will not deceive us; and that these joys are higher, purer, and holier, than we can even think or speak; and they shall all most certainly be ours, if humbly relying on Jesus Christ, we "live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world," for He who cannot lie, hath said it.

When Beauty culminates Death Begins.

When the first rays of the sun escape from the eastern horizon, the dew-drops, hanging in the little globules to the spars of grass, become so beautiful that they burst and die.—The fields sparkling and glittering with frost in the morning sun are clothed with death.—The flowers only begin to die when in full bloom—when they have arrived to the highest state of perfection. The leaves on the trees begin to fade the moment they are completed. The rainbow, arching the heavens, begins to disappear at the instant the combination of pristine colors thrills your soul with delight. The wavy clouds of closing day, painted in golden hues by the setting sun, begin to darken at a point where they appear the grandest.—Our children and friends die when we think they are the most lovely and necessary to our happiness.

The most beautiful of the material world is just on the margin next to the immaterial. Notice the tree; it grows from the ground rough and rugged; its branches shoot out towards the sky, and on the very tips of those branches you will see the fragrant blossoms stretching out towards the immaterial world.

From these two facts, that when the beautiful of this world arrives to full perfection it begins to fade away, and that beauty culminates on the margin of the immaterial, may we not infer how beautiful and glorious must be the spiritual and, to us, at present unseen world above?

BLONDIS FOLLY.

The Niagara News thus sketches Blondin's performances on the Fourth: "Having secured his balancing pole, and fastened the two ends of a rope some fifty feet apart to his main cable, the rope hanging some twenty or thirty feet below, he descended to the centre of his slack rope, where, upon this mere thread, he performed with as much apparent unconcern as though in a theatre. With straps round his ankles he suspended himself, thus hanging two or three feet below even the slack rope. He also stood up as boys sometimes venture to do in a swing—this latter feat being to all appearances really the most dangerous, for the rope was a mere swing and very unsteady.—He also whirled himself heels over head some fifteen or twenty times, about as fast as a spinner would turn her quill wheel. People held their breath in utter amazement at such recklessness. He ran up hand over hand to the main cable, where he hung by one leg, &c. He then proceeded to the Canada side occupying altogether in this insane exhibition only twenty-one minutes."

Major E. R. Young, deceased, recently in Thomasville, Va., bequeathed \$30,000, for the purpose of erecting a Female College there.

Miscellaneous News Items.

FATAL AND AFFECTING.

On Friday afternoon a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of this city, on the Horn Lake road. The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he, in the wantonness of sport, seized a gun and fired at her, seven-teen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran towards the door, where, meeting her mother, she exclaimed: "Brother didn't go to do it," and died almost instantaneously. How noble this heroic, generous exculpation of a brother.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

FEROCITY OF THE TIGER.

A recent work on "The Wild Sports of India," contains the following graphic story:

"I had scarcely been to sleep an hour before I was awoke by a shout from the duffadar, that one of the troopers was carried off by a tiger. I leaped out of bed, and seizing the large single two-ounce rifle, kept loaded with powder only for the purpose, I fired it off in the air. It was pitch dark; not a bit of fire in the camp, save one or two embers near the spot where the trooper was seized, and over which the tigress had sprung on her victim. I got my clothes on as rapidly as possible, buckled on my sword, and seized one of my rifles: my younger shikaree, Nursoo, took the other. My khidmatgar, or table servant, a man by the name of Fakir Ahmed, got my candlestick and shade; and the villagers, a number of whom had remained in the village, rushed down with torches into the camp. My shikore Mangkalee, could not at first be found. The duffadar told me in which direction the tigress had gone. He had been standing within five paces of the man; in fact, he was seeing the sentry changed. The poor fellow who was seized was putting on his belt to go on duty. There was a dry ravine, without any jungle in it, which ran up to the camp. The tigress had stolen up that, and sprang on the man's chest, seizing him by the mouth, and so systematically closing it that the poor fellow could never reply to his name. I shouted it—Gholam Hoossain Khan—till I was hoarse. Springing into the ravine, I followed it up rapidly, thinking that the only chance of recovering the man was to get up to the foot of the mountain, some five hundred yards distant, before she could carry him there. I heard one sigh, and followed in that direction. In vain. We returned. It was ten minutes to twelve, the moon just rising. There was a faint hope that the poor fellow had been dropped, and had climbed up a tree, but was afraid to answer. I returned to bed, but could not sleep. The tragedy of the night was not to be forgotten so suddenly; and at about three o'clock in the morning I again heard the hooting of the large monkeys. Shortly after, I heard an extraordinary noise, which I could not make out at first. I questioned the sentry. He replied that it was the langor (the monkeys); but I made out the tigress' growl and the crunching of the poor trooper's bones. It was no use any more risking life in the dark; besides, the tragedy was most probably being finished in the mountain above, where human foot could scarcely climb, even in the day time. At daylight we started. No nice tracking was necessary. The tigress had dragged the body of the trooper across the deep sandy ravine and there were his sword belt, his turban, trousers and other parts of his dress in each brush."

SYMPATHY OF THE BODY WITH AN AMPUTATED MEMBER.

At Tower's Mills, in Lanesborough, Mass., on Tuesday, a young man named Jerry Swan was caught by the arm in some machinery, and the limb was so badly broken and mangled that amputation was necessary. This was successfully performed, but according to the Pittsfield Eagle, Mr. Swan's connection with the dismembered limb did not cease with the operation. The Eagle says:

"On recovering from the stupor, produced by the use of chloroform, Mr. Swan still complained sorely of an aching hand. Late in the evening his distress became very great, and he insisted that the hand was cramped by being doubled up. The limb had been placed in a small box and buried. His attendants dug it up and straightened the hand and he was soon easier. This morning the limb was again buried. But he soon complained of a sensation of cold and a great pain in it. It was accordingly taken up again, wrapped up, and deposited in a tomb, since which he is again relieved."

"MORNING" A CANDIDATE.

A Georgia editor speaking of the Hon. H. V. Johnson, the Douglas candidate for the Vice Presidency, describes a speech made by him in 1844, as follows:

"Johnson rushed upon his foes with the clangor of the trumpet and the dash of the battle-axe. Like Richard Coeur de Lion, among the dimethers of Saladin, he strode on, right on—dealing a stalwart blow right and left, and everything was borne down by his ponderous arm. Like the sleeping lion aroused from his victims, he tore their flesh, crunched their bones and beat their bodies into a jelly, by hurling them against the earth—that trembled to the thunder of his infuriate howls. Like the mad bull in the arena, he rushed upon those who pricked him with their spears, gored into their vitals, tossed them into the air, and trampled them under his feet."

A Georgia editor has received a basket and the following message from a lady: "Mr. Editor—I send you some Bell pears, the best you ever eat."

DEGREES CONFERRED.

At the recent commencement of William and Mary College, Virginia, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon J. Gilmer Hubbard, of James City, and Thomas Jefferson Stubbs, of Gloucester. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon H. H. Brown, of Virginia, an alumnus of William and Mary, and Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Mississippi. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. William Hodges, of North Carolina, and upon the Rev. Geo. T. Wilmer, of Virginia, and the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Rev. Silas Totten, D. D., President of the University of Iowa.

THAT SLAVER IN MOBILE BAY.

The story going the rounds about a cargo of slaves having been landed in Mobile Bay, turns out a hoax. The story sprung from the fact, that a planter from Alabama had been to a more northern market, and while there had purchased a lot of hands for his plantation, which he took home, and landed from a small coasting vessel chartered for the occasion. The negroes all talked good English, were fat and jolly, understood how to do all kinds of work required upon a plantation, and, in fact, were true specimens of the Sambo race, as beheld everywhere in Old Virginia.

A NEW DRILL.

The National Guard are encamped near New York, to the number of about 350. One of the New York papers, noticing a feature of the encampment, says:

But the most unique attraction on Tuesday night was the parade and dance of the lantern battalion. This was composed of near two hundred soldiers, each one carrying a light in a globe lantern, and who were manoeuvred on the parade ground after dark, with correctness and precision, in Hardee's tactics. The affair terminated with a dance on the parade ground lawn, each one still holding his lantern in his hand as he engaged in the pleasures of the dance. The sight, indeed, was truly novel, and it would be almost an impossible task to describe the scene made by the rapid movement of two hundred lanterns, as their holders were moving hither and thither, backwards, forwards, sideways, and in every conceivable movement. Indeed, this burlesque impromptu affair was such a success that, by request, it was repeated last night.

A "CRACK" MILITARY COMPANY.

The Chicago "Zouaves," numbering 100 men and attired after the fashion of the French Zouave, are in New York. They are coming as far South as Baltimore, and go home via St. Louis. In their excursions, they always occupy military quarters and sleep on blankets on the floor. At Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday, they created a sensation by their drill. The Express says:

"As soon as the field was cleared, and the Fifty-fourth Regiment posted as guards to maintain the lines, the Zouaves entered the arena and proceeded to go through the 'Manual of Arms.' Then came the flank movements in quick time, followed by movements executed in double quick time; wheeling in company and platoons, breaking in sections, oblique marches, counter-marches and the various movements incident thereto. Next followed the bayonet drill, and then the skirmishing drill, and afterwards a repetition of these various evolutions directed by the tap of the drum instead of the word of command."

"The men here dispersed, arms stacked, when, in response to a signal, they again took position and executed the various movements with the same precision that characterized their evolutions when controlled by the oral command. The fancy movements embraced the formation of squares, crosses, pyramids, revolving circles, the stacking of arms and removal of knapsacks. The skirmishing and bayonet drill elicited much applause. The deploying of platoons by flank, marching, retreating, firing at a halt, relieving skirmishers, advance firing, rallying by forms, were all executed with the rapidity and precision that challenged the unqualified admiration of every spectator. The bayonet exercises, the parry, lunge, thrust and parry, the striking, clubbing arms, leaping to the rear, deploying, kneeling, retreating and firing kneeling, rallying by fours couchant, dropping to the ground loading while lying upon back, crawling to positions, and the final deploy, assemble and charge, each and all, were executed in every conceivable style of position, and with such perfection of movement as to send frequently a thrill of surprise and admiration through the entire assembly, and draw forth rapturous expressions of applause."

"We venture to assert that no visitor to Jones Square yesterday afternoon was dissatisfied with the Chicago elephant. If the jaunty Cadets are not practical fighting men, they possess in a superior degree their most famous accomplishments, and are decidedly in advance of their professional contemporaries in the United States. If some of our own military would lay aside their heavy and fatiguing uniforms and old-fashioned exercises, and adopt the picturesque attire and drill of the juveniles who 'lesoned' us yesterday, they would at least furnish our citizens with a military novelty, if not a sensation, that would meet a due appreciation."

It is said that these young gentlemen are unusually correct in their habits. By their rules a member is expelled for using spirituous liquors or for visiting a gambling saloon.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, during the month of June, obtained an income from tolls of \$12,500.

RETURN OF THE "RESCUED" AFRICANS.

The following is an extract from a letter from Key West, dated the 6th inst., giving a description of the embarkation of the "Wildfire's" Africans to return to Africa:

The embarkation of the Wildfire's (slave) cargo, on the 29th, and, as much has been said, its longings for home, and the luxury of its return, I felt some solicitude to leave the quarters where they have been last two months, and where, if so, and food and clothing, and amusements, they must have been waiting at the Crusader's Taylor wharf, I proceeded to the depot, and found a squad of 100 negroes, to pass onwards to the boats. The African smile and pleasant greeting, which visitors always had, however, were gone, and I found them mute, listless, and many sobbing piteously, at the prospect before them. They moved in silence to the wharf, were passed into the boats, and then towed to the ship. Successive squads followed, equally dull, silent, and cheerless, until 376 had been transferred, leaving 24 in the hospital, to be conveyed on board the following morning.

ORGAN GRINDERS' PRAYER MEETING.

In the open lot adjoining the Five Points House of Industry, there was held last Sabbath afternoon a prayer meeting of the organ grinders of the city. So numerous have these persons become, that they are a distinct class of population, and are accustomed to band together for religious worship, as well as for mutual protection. The services were conducted in the Italian language, and under the leadership of one of the number. Though numerically small, the meeting was earnestly carried on, and all seemed eager to take part in the exercises.—*N. Y. World.*

THE STEREOSCOPE.

Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen one thousand five hundred years ago; and that Giambattista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognize in it not only the principle but the construction of the stereoscope.

GEN. LANE.

Washington, July 15.—Gen. Lane, accompanied by Gov. Winslow and other friends, leaves to-morrow morning, via the Potomac boat and Norfolk, for North Carolina, his native State, having accepted invitations to visit Warren and other towns in that State.

BREAD EXCITEMENT IN SAVANNAH, GA.

There is at present considerable excitement in Savannah, Georgia, because of the refusal of the bread bakers of the city to comply with a city ordinance, which requires the City Treasurer, at the beginning of every month, to ascertain, from the best authority, the average price of flour in the city for the month previous, and thereby to regulate the assize of bread for the month ensuing, on such terms, in all instances, as shall secure a profit of \$1.50 per barrel to the bakers. The bakers rebel against the enforcement of the law, and continue to make their loaves of a size which will give them the greatest profit.

ARKANSAS ITEMS.

Van Buren, Ark., July 13.—A salute of 32 guns was fired this evening in honor of the completion of the telegraph line to that city.

The weather, for the past few days, has been intensely hot in this vicinity. Yesterday the thermometer stood 108 degrees in the shade, and the air was so hot as to almost suffocate a person. The river continues very low, being fordable at nearly every point.

There is fair prospect of rain, which is very much needed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. Wm. R. McDonald, the former pastor of the Byrnes street Baptist Church in Petersburg, has resigned his Professorship in the Chowan Female Collegiate Institute, at Murfreesboro, N. C., and accepted the pastoral care of Arbor and Laurel Grove Churches, in the county of Halifax, Va.

INTERESTING FROM VALPARAISO.

The Valparaiso correspondent of the New York Times, writing under date of June 24, furnishes the following items:

It is feared that the Missionary schooner Alton Gardner has been captured by the natives, and all on board killed. The 25th of May was honored by the Buenos Ayrenses as the Fiftieth Anniversary of their National Independence. Richard Alsop's decease was mentioned as the mail left. The affairs of the houses of G. J. Hudell & Co. are advertised as in liquidation. The British steamer Guayaquil and the American man of war Powhatan had just arrived. An institution called the Bank of Chili has issued notes for one dollar. Our ten dollar pieces, called condors, only pass in Panama for eight dollars; while our two dollar pass there at par. Chili has now four steamers a month going north.

DEMAND FOR BREADSTUFFS.

The advices from Europe lead to the belief that there will be a large demand for breadstuffs during the coming year. The season has been so wet and cold in England that a deficiency of at least four million quarters is already estimated as certain, while the supply in the markets of the United Kingdom of Great Britain is less by about one million six hundred thousand quarters than last year at the

same date. Private letters from the highest banking authorities confirm the statements of the public press, and predicts a large demand for American produce. Nor is this impending scarcity confined to Great Britain. The Continent is not likely to have any surplus. All accounts agree that throughout Central Europe crops have suffered much from the severity of the weather.

SIGHT RESTORED BY MARRIAGE.

The Cincinnati Press of Thursday last, says:

A physiological wonder occurred a short time since, in this city, which will doubtless prove as interesting to our readers, as it already has to physiologists and oculists. A young and exceedingly interesting girl, residing on eighth street, whose name we suppress from motives of delicacy, and whose amiable disposition, elegant manners and placid beauty of soul, had endeared her to all who knew her, was, a year or two ago, compelled to discontinue her studies and leave school, in consequence of a partial loss of eyesight that threatened to become total.

She was entirely unable to read, and although she could see well enough to enable her to walk about, visit her friends and entertain them when they called upon her, the threatened loss of sight gave her much annoyance, and aroused the sympathies of all who became acquainted with the facts.

A number of our most skillful physicians were employed by the family, and she was even taken to some of our most noted oculists; but all their learning, dexterity and management proved unavailing. Her eyes looked healthy, were beautifully pensive in their expression, and seemed deep as her soul was pure but they were, nevertheless, to her almost wholly useless.

Notwithstanding this rather melancholy physical defect, a young man, who had long been devoted to her, offered her his hand in marriage. She demurred, and through an excess of affection, refused to bestow it upon the man who had long since won her heart, stating that she never would consent to become a burthen upon the man she loved. For a long time he persisted in his suit and at length through his praises and sighs, made her believe that life with her, even if she were wholly blind, were better than a Paradise where she was not.

A month or two ago her resolution was recinded; and she became his wife; and, strange as it may seem, from that day her eyesight began to improve, and she is now able to read the finest print by gas-light, without pain and without any apparent optical injury. The case has caused considerable sensation among those who are conversant with the circumstances. Apart from its significance as a well established ocular fact, it is a practical illustration of what has been cleverly and wittily said, "that Love is blind, but Hymen is the oculist who alone can open his eyes."

ROARING MOUNTAIN OF MISSOURI.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Intelligencer, writing from Ironton, Mo., says:

Since my last I have had the pleasure of making a trip to old Madison county, just for the purpose of seeing the much-talked-of gold mines, and it was there I came across the above mentioned natural curiosity. The mountain is in Madison county, fourteen miles south west of Fredericktown, the county seat. On the east of it is Trace Creek; on the west side the waters of Cantain's Creek form a semicircle. On the right bank of the last mentioned Creek is a ravine, which is the bed of the newly discovered gold and platinum veins, where the Roaring Mountain Company is about erecting extensive works. The mountain has a height of some 400 feet, is one mile in diameter, chiefly of solid rocks, more or less interspersed with quartz.

It derives its name from a peculiar roaring, something like the sound of distant thunder, which generally lasts about fifteen minutes, and which sounds have a similar effect when mingled with the howling of the wolves, which are still to be found in respectable numbers in the adjoining forests. It is thought that the mountain, or rather the whole ridge of mountains, originated by volcanic eruptions, to which the roar, which sounds as coming from the bowels of the earth, must be attributed. The sound may be heard sometimes to the distance of two miles. Taking an easterly direction from the gold mines, and walking a distance of one mile, there is an opening of two feet in diameter, which is apparently connected with a cave, filled with water a good part of the year. It is believed that this cave may reach a greater depth, and that the peculiar sound is caused by gases formed by the water playing with the metals and then seeking an exit.

PENITENT BALLOON ASCENSION.

On the 4th of July, Prof. Steiner made his 80th ascension in the balloon "Europe," from Milwaukee. In his account of his voyage, he says:

"When I had been out forty minutes I was overtaken by a thunder storm which was moving in an oblique direction to my course, and in an instant I was surrounded by clouds. It would be utterly impossible to describe the grandeur and beauty of this scene. Its suddenness was startling. The first intimation that I had of its vicinity was on turning my head and seeing a bank of clouds at least 500 feet high, moving toward me with an impressive steadiness. These clouds soon surrounded me on all sides—above, arching themselves into a mighty rotunda, and leaving a space through which the clear, blue sky could be seen. Thus shut in, I seemed to be fixed in

a tremendous shaft of vapor. The lightning darted up and down the sides, and the thunder peals were loud and continuous. I, however, felt no alarm, knowing that the balloon was a non-conducting substance. Once, while in this situation, I hallowed as loud as I could and the increase and reverberation of my voice in this dome almost stunned me.

"It was about six o'clock. I did all that was in my power to lighten her, throwing over my grappling irons, and everything of weight even to my overcoat. But all was of no avail down she came; and by the time the storm was over, (7 o'clock and 5 minutes,) I struck the Lake ten miles from the mouth of the Kalamazoo River, and nine miles from land. There was not a vessel in sight, and it was impossible for me to reach the land if I parted with my balloon. I knew that if I could get up 8,000 feet, I could strike an easterly current that would take me ashore, and as this was my only chance, I coolly set about putting it in execution. I immediately got upon the "concentrating hoop" above the basket, and as the weight of the latter prevented me from unsnapping the cords, I cut them with my pocket knife. The moment she was relieved of this weight, she rose, with me sitting on the hoop, holding the valve ropes in my hand. In three minutes I reached an elevation of 3,000 feet. In fifteen minutes I was over the beach, and tightening my cords I shot downwards—first perpendicularly, and then (influenced by an under current) slightly in a westerly direction, striking in the water ten feet from the land, and without any difficulty, Waded ashore."

GREAT MORAL REFORM BY THE QUEEN.

The Queen of England has issued a proclamation, stating that she has, after serious consideration, resolved that it is her indispensable duty to preserve and advance the honor of Almighty God, and to suppress all vice and immorality; wherefore she has made a resolution to "discountenance and punish all manner of vice, profaneness and immorality in all persons of whatsoever degree or quality." She says: "We do hereby require and command them, and every one of them, decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's day." She also enjoins on all judges, magistrates and other public officers, that they take care to suppress all dissolute practices, "and likewise that they take effectual care to prevent all persons keeping taverns, or other public houses whatsoever, from selling wine, beer or other liquors, or receiving or permitting guests to be or remain in such of their houses in time of Divine service on the Lord's Day."

It is hoped that the Queen will begin this reform in the aristocracy and the club-houses.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

About three weeks ago, the steamer Homer was sunk in Red river, and among those rescued were Mr. H. C. Neal, the mate, together with his wife and two children.—Desirous of returning to their home in Parkersburg, Va., the party took passage on board the ill-fated steamer R. F. Sass, which was snagged and sunk in the Mississippi river last week and a number of lives lost. When that boat struck the snag he was in his room, and rushed out into the hall to see what had occurred, followed by his wife and eldest child. On finding out the cause of the disaster he left his wife and child in the hall, and re-entered the room for the purpose of rescuing his infant, which still reposed there in unconscious innocence of its impending fate. He immediately returned and, taking in his arms both children, grasped his supposed wife around the waist, remarking, "come on Molly, we are safe."

He hurried them into the life boat, happily congratulating himself upon his second escape from a watery grave, and the rescue from the same fate of his dear wife and children. What must have been his agony of mind when he discovered, alas too late, the woman he had saved was not his wife but a Mrs. Loney, of New Orleans! He had saved another and the own dear partner of his bosom and child of his love had gone down with the rest in the ill fated steamer, never more to greet him with the welcome smile and prattling tongue!

The Japanese Embassy have presented to the police of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, the sum of \$20,000. The New York police get the lion's share, coming in for over \$13,000.

A few days since, a little girl, 27 months old, was so frightened by the sight of a monkey in Philadelphia, that death resulted from her terror.

CURE FOR SHEEP KILLING.

The following experiment, it is said, was never known to fail in curing a dog of a propensity to kill sheep: Select the stoutest and most vicious old ram in your flock, and shear him close; then get a small Manila rope, thirty-five feet long, and tie one end around the dog's neck, and the other around the ram's; turn them into a ten-acre field, well cleared of stumps, brush and corn-stalks, and let them remain two hours, and if that old ram don't knock all the sheep-killing propensities out of that dog, why then, as Sam Stonestreet would say: "I hope I may never see chinkapin time again." That dog will never have the courage to look a sheep in the face again.

Jones had been to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one—one!" hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs.—hic—Jones, this clock must be out of—hic—order; it has struck one—hic—four times!"

Times' Correspondence.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, N. C.,
Friday 12, 1860.

Dear Times:—A record of the times, at least in this State, would be incomplete without some notice of the Commencement which has just come and gone. The smiles of a kind Providence have been resting on the Institution during the past year, and prosperity and success have crowned the efforts of those who labor for its interests. The last brilliant act, which closed the Collegiate year, was altogether worthy of the occasion.

Even on Tuesday afternoon, the village was full of happy and joyous guests. Smiling faces and ringing laughs greeted us everywhere. The talent and ability of the Speakers invited to be present, together with means of enjoyment and pleasure before not possessed, induced many strangers to be present. We only hope that they may never be strangers again, but may attend these festive occasions more frequently.

The first thing that meets the gaze of the new-comer, is the magnificent edifice, erected for the accommodation of students. Its large and grand proportions, its elegant finish and its exquisite taste attract and claim the admiration of all. The massive pillars of granite, and the granite front, contrast well with the dark brick wings. We only regret that its real beauty is not more manifest, on account of obstructions in view from the street, and especially that its surroundings are not more elegant. The campus looks bleak and bare, and unfenced and dirty, and hogs, cattle and other vermin are allowed to parade unmolested, much to the distress of ladies' feelings and dresses. We hope that ere another year "rolls round to bring its joys again" these things may be remedied—the campus may be gracefully laid out, and decked with trees and flowers.

The event of Tuesday evening, was the delivery of the Baccalaureate Address before the Graduating Class by the worthy President of the Institution, Rev. Dr. Lacy who was attended by Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison and Rev. Wm. Banks. It was a matter of much regret that the Rev. A. W. Miller of Petersburg, Va., who had accepted the request of the Senior Class to deliver the Annual Sermon, was detained by sickness. It was in consequence of Mr. Miller's inability to be present that President Lacy deferred the delivery of his Address from Sabbath till Tuesday evening.—The text was found in Zech. XIV. 20-21v. The discourse was eminently pointed, earnest and practical—the reverend speaker urging with much feeling aspirations after higher degrees of holiness.

It was a source of regret that the Chapel was not so lighted as to reveal its size, taste and polish. But one could readily see the elegance and finish of the magnificent Hall, and the dark, oak paneling reminded of the Castles of yore, built by the wealth and munificence of Feudal barons.

Wednesday was hot and sultry. Why is it that Commencement occasions are so unfortunate in this respect? Perhaps to keep gentlemen from being too near the ladies! or rather that desponding swains may increase their ardor, by keeping their lady loves cool with fans!

The morning exercises consisted of a Valedictory Address to the Eminent Society by J. J. STURGEON, Chester S. C., which was responded to by C. M. RICHARDS, Whitesburg, Ala., after which Diplomas were given to the members of the Graduating Class, by J. A. WATSON of York Dist., S. C. These exercises were very interesting to the audience, and equally creditable to the Society, whose Anniversary was thus celebrated.

After a short recess, the Annual Oration before the two Literary Societies was delivered by the Hon. S. J. PERSON of Wilmington.—The Address was marked with ability and spirit, and evinced talent and preparation.—His subject was the different elements of success, prefacing with a description of the age. Judge Person treated it with a master's mind, interspersing with freshening wit and beautiful sentiment. His allusions to the present age were particularly humorous, and brought down the house repeatedly. His ease and grace of manner added to the elegance of his style and diction rendered the whole performance entirely successful.

In the afternoon, the Anniversary of the Philanthropic Society was celebrated. The exercises were as follows:

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS:—By P. W. HARRICK, Guilford Co., N. C.

RESPONSE:—By J. H. GOUGER, Davidson College.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS:—By G. P. ERWIN, Morganton, N. C., President.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS:—By Rev. W. T. HALL, York Dist., S. C.

These proceedings were characterized by much ease, and were rendered interesting to the large audience in attendance. As we did not hear Mr. Hall's Address we only express public opinion when we say that it exhibited much thought.

As the evening came on, hearts beat more quickly, and eyes more brightly than ever.—Many happy maidens tripped along in the promenade, with grace and elegance. A more brilliant and beautiful scene rarely presents itself than the large Party Room afforded.—The supper was spread in the Library Room, and a magnificent room it was for the purpose. Though not many handsome books adorned (alas that they are so few,) yet at that time it

proved a most attractive place. Though volumes were missing from the shelves, yet volumes were speaking from beaming eyes, and smiling faces; and ladies, at least, were present, in rich bindings, gilt and figured, "extra" "sumptuous" and suitable to adorn any parlor (and dining) table. Mrs. Browne deserved praise for labor and toil, and she may be sure that her efforts added much to the happiness and pleasure of the Commencement.

Thursday came about 4 1/2 o'clock in the morning. It was fresh and "breezy" (perhaps some others were!) and consequently much more pleasant.

The Alumni Association met and transacted their business. The Speaker for the occasion not being present there was no Address delivered. This was to be regretted as the Orator elect was a man of mind.

The exercises of the Graduating Class took place about 10 A. M. The Programme for the occasion was as follows:

PRAYER.

SALUTATORY ORATION, in Latin,—By Augustus Leazar, Rowan County.

ORATION: The American Statesman—By Wm. McDuffie, Marion Dist., S. C.

ORATION: Power Develops Character—By Edwin N. McAnuly, Iredell Co.

ORATION: North Carolina—By M. McR. McLaughlin, Cumberland Co.

ORATION: Spain and her Colonies—By D. C. Love, Lowndes Co., Miss.

ORATION: The Scottish Soldier—By M. L. Ray, Cumberland Co.

The Philosophical Oration, By W. N. Dickey, Bradley Co., Ark.

Degrees Conferred.

The Valedictory Addresses,—By Joseph Thompson, Mecklenburg Co.

Prayer and Benediction.

The Senior Class, consisting of twenty, occupied the Rostrum, together with the Faculty and the officers of the Board of Trustees. Before the Valedictory was delivered, the President in a very neat, appropriate and touching manner announced the degrees. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the Graduating Class. It is as follows:

A. A. W. Birkhead, W. McDuffie, W. N. Dickey, W. McR. McLaughlin, L. M. Downs, W. T. Morrison, J. C. Grier, M. L. Ray, P. W. Hattick, W. W. Robinson, A. Leazar, C. L. Sims, D. C. Love, J. J. Stringfellow, J. C. Love, E. Stedwick, P. P. Maxwell, J. Thompson, E. N. McAnuly, B. F. Wilson.

The first distinctions were awarded to Messrs. Leazar and Thompson; the second to Messrs. Dickey and Ray; the third to Messrs. D. C. Love, McLaughlin, J. C. Love and Robinson. Of the members of this Class, 13 were from North Carolina, three from South Carolina, two from Mississippi, one from Alabama, and one from Arkansas.

One thing for which Davidson College deserves praise, is that it has never conferred an honorary degree. The degree of A. M., is occasionally given to graduates who have been engaged in literary pursuits, but this is rare. In these days of puff and smoke, this deserves record.

A very large audience was present, and the Chapel seemed like a sea of fans. It was estimated by some that twelve hundred were in attendance. All the speakers did much credit to themselves. The Salutatory Address was delivered in excellent style, and even the unknown could almost follow the speaker.—Messrs. McDuffie and McLaughlin were often and loudly applauded; and Mr. Dickey's Oration on the dew drop proved highly gratifying to all. Valedictory Addresses are generally the same—yet these were full of good sense and solemn earnestness. This was the opinion of every one of the vast assembly.

Thus has ended the twenty-fourth commencement of Davidson College, and a more pleasant one we never spent. Thus may it be many years to come.

Though Davidson College is under the care and management of the Presbyterian Church—yet it is open, free and catholic. Denominational influences do not affect its usefulness as a Literary Institution in the slightest degree. There is, however, a high tone of morality and Christian principle pervading, and we know of no safer place for the education of a young man. Its freedom from temptation and vice is proverbial. These influences, connected with the high scholarship required render this as suitable a situation as can be offered in the South.

Before closing, we may mention a few incidents worthy of remark. Dr. Lacy, whose resignation was tendered to the Board of Trustees several months ago, has unconditionally retired from the Presidency of Davidson College. He has done his service for the College and it will ever remember his watchfulness over and anxiety for its welfare. During his administration, the number in the Graduating Class have increased from three to twenty, and the whole number from thirty-eight to a hundred and twelve. The Chairs of Greek and of Belles Lettres have been vacant. The resignation of Prof. Fishburne was much to be regretted. Prof. Leland also resigned his Chair. The Board of Trustees made immediate provision for some departments, deferring other appointments till a subsequent session in August. Rev. J. N. Waddell, D. D., of La Grange College, Tennessee, was elected President. Dr. W. was formerly connected with the University of Mississippi and has been for many years an instructor of youth.—No one could have been elected more suitable for the place. V. C. Barringer, Esq., was elected Professor of Belles Lettres. Mr. Barringer is widely known as an able writer and

polished speaker, and the appointment is a capital one. It is sincerely hoped that these gentlemen will accept the posts to which they are elected.

Nor should we fail to mention the pleasure afforded by the music secured for the occasion. The Salisbury Brass Band performed most admirably—indeed we know not of a superior band in the State, and it would compete favorably with any music. The gentlemanliness of the members of the Band, and their endeavors to please, enhanced the value of the music. We only wish it much prosperity and hope that it may be ever present.

The marshals and managers deserve thanks for their unceasing efforts to secure order and pleasure.

But I fear I have bored you already. If I have—bear it if not, excuse this from

Yours flamingly, SCARLET.

Boston, July 10th, 1860.

Our grand celebration of the Fourth—Mr. Everett's Address—A noted landmark seriously injured—Musical—The new directory—Honor to a North Carolinian.

Dear Times:—Another anniversary of our great and glorious political birth has passed away; the genius of American Freedom has been so many thousand times invoked and provoked with the fulsome adulation so inmoderately bestowed upon him, that he may well wing his flight to other climes, where his divinity has never been acknowledged; our Eagle, too, may now well be bold, so many of his finest plumes have been borrowed by unfledged orators, striving to imitate his flights. Here we had a grand time, but the papers have given such full accounts of the procession, the speeches, the dinner, the regattas, the balloon ascensions, and the fire-works, that in touching upon them we almost fear we are telling a "twice told tale" to your readers. If we venture a remark on Mr. Everett's address, we beg now and at all times distinctly to disclaim any idea of political partisanship; we simply wish to speak of the effort in a literary point of view and to occupy, as the learned speaker did in the address itself, a broad and national ground. To speak of it merely as a success would be futile, every one knows that Everett could do no less; a gentleman perfectly conversant with the best efforts of British statesmen, both of the present and past generation, declares that for clear deduction, elegant diction and true eloquence, it has never been equaled and that it bestows on its author the proud title of "Defender of his Country." Its main object was the defence of our institutions and national character from certain charges, urged against us by Earl Grey, in a recent speech in the English House of Lords, and a more complete refutation was never uttered; the arguments of the nobleman are most ably turned against himself, and he is foiled by his own weapons.

We had a disastrous storm in this vicinity last week, which did a deal of damage to vessels, trees and houses; several men were drowned in the harbor, several others killed by lightning, and what is regarded almost as a public calamity, the "Old Elm" on the Common was nearly destroyed. A large portion of the heart had already gone to decay, and the thin shell remaining was braced with iron bands; the wind tore off one of the largest limbs, splitting and tearing the trunk to within a few feet of the ground; when morning revealed the damage, an immense concourse assembled, each eager to secure a chip or splinter; the workmen engaged in clearing the wreck were besieged with importunities, and now in the shop windows you may see cups and boxes for sale, all made out of the Old Elm. The work of repair was continued on Sunday, and now the ugly fracture is bound up and covered with canvas as carefully as if a human being were the subject of the disaster. Many persons called to pay their respects and express their sympathy and sorrow, and like the sibyl's books of old, our Elm will grow more and more precious as limb after limb is torn away. After mentioning how much the Common has suffered in thus having one of its principal ornaments defaced, we will add that it is soon to receive a great attraction, the City Council having passed an order providing for a band of music there one evening of each week, during this month and the next.

We have great advantages in a musical way here: there are a number of very fine bands, the Germania, Gilmore's and others and the Public, including the City Council, are very liberal in their encouragement and patronage of them; during the celebration of the Fourth, besides the monster Concert, accompanied by the guns of the Light Artillery, there were bands in the procession, at the regatta, at the dinner and also stationed at various points throughout the city. We shall not say how much they played, probably they imagined their presence was all sufficient; during the ascension and the display of fireworks they made more music, but hardly enough to excuse the deficiencies of the morning. We have a fair sprinkling of hand organs and occasionally a fine serenade, and indeed it seems that a street music is better here than elsewhere.

Among the many noticeable objects on Washington street we saw at Burham's the other day (by the way an excellent place to procure any old book) a copy of the Original Warrant granted by Elizabeth for the execution of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and near by was a capital bust of the lamented Irving, from the chisel of Ball Hughes; as North Carolinians we do not feel called on to admire the sculptor, on account of his unfortunate connection with the mutilated statue of Washington at Raleigh, but it is considered an excellent likeness and a fine work of art. Further up the street we came to a complete collection of Japanese coins, from the large gold "cobang" to the

small copper ones, fractions of our cent: some are oblong, others round, and several have square holes in the centre.

The new Directory of the City has just appeared; it is a work of immense labor and corresponding usefulness and contains the locations of all the streets, the Banks, Insurance Offices, &c., and an infinite reduplication of multitudinous Smiths, Browns, Greens, Joneses, Murphys, Cronans, Fergusons, &c.: in many instances there are whole columns of names which do not vary a letter, neither do the worthy bearers thereof vary in occupation; of course they are Irish: it would be natural to suppose that in such a conglomeration an individual would lose his personal identity, having nothing to distinguish him from so many others.

Trinity College, Hartford, has just conferred the title of D. D. on Rev. Prof. Hubbard of our University, a high honor worthily bestowed.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

Roman Catholic Pastoral Letter.

The Catholic Mirror of last week, says the Richmond Dispatch, contains a pastoral letter, signed by Archbishop Kenrick, and the Bishops of Wheeling, Richmond, Erie, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Charleston, Florida and Savannah, expressing their "devoted attachments to the See of the Apostle Peter, and to the illustrious Pontiff who now occupies it," recognizing it "as the centre of unity, the rock upon which Christ our Lord built His Church, and against which the gates of Hell cannot prevail." The States of the Church are not regarded as "the same sacred and inviolable character, but rather an accidental appendage of the Holy See," its origin being traced to the "munificence of the faithful, the devotedness of Christian princes, and the gratitude of a people whom the Bishop of Rome, protected, rescued, and made free," more than a thousand years ago. The dominions of the Pope are not regarded as essential, but as desirable, the same as it was deemed desirable to have the national capital of America separate from the States, "that its action might be free, without dependence on any State influence, or prejudice to State rights." The details of ecclesiastical administration demand a large number of officers, counsellors and clerks, with no small expensiveness, which may be impracticable, if the Bishop of Rome has not an ample revenue from the Territory in which he resides. The letter regards it as sacrilege to separate this civil principality, which during so many centuries, has been attached to the Holy See. The "highest ecclesiastical censures" are incurred by "those who usurp any portion of that Territory," and the recent "withdrawal of a flourishing province" is described as having been brought about by "various artifices of foreign emissaries, and by manifest fraud and violence." "Property holders, an intelligent and virtuous citizen, and peasantry were averse to revolt," the Bishops say, and then proceed to give their own views of the Government of the Pope, as follows:

"Brethren, we are, as you know, sincerely attached to the free institutions under which we live, and ready to sacrifice life itself in their support; but we are from principle opposed to all disturbance of established order on vain and false pretences. We have had opportunities of knowing the government of the Roman States, and feel that it compares advantageously with that of other countries. The forms of government are not, indeed, those which are popular in our age, but Christian principle moderates and directs them, the divine law being always had in view with the ecclesiastical law, which is adapted to the religious profession of the citizens. Municipal privileges were ample at all times in the Roman States, and were increased by the liberality of the present Pontiff. Individual liberty is respected: property is safe: justice is sure: taxes are light: military conscription is unknown.

"In all these respects the Roman Government has the advantage of many others professedly liberal. If the concessions, spontaneously made by the Holy Father at the commencement of his reign, had not been abused to effect a revolution, there can be no doubt that the condition of his subjects would have been still further improved. The revolted province is now burdened with enormous taxes, the citizens are forced into military service, and the clergy, dissatisfied with the new order of things, are visited with severe penalties, imprisoned or driven into banishment. We mention these things, not that we deem it necessary to extol, by way of contrast, the late government, since, as Catholics, we have no concern with it, but to correct false impressions in justice to a clement and liberal Pontiff."

The letter concludes by appointing the first Sunday in September as the day for taking up collections and contributions for the "treasury of the Church," made necessary "in consequence of the loss of the revolted province," the revenues of which "enabled the Pontiff to meet the expenses of his ecclesiastical administration." The portion of the letter contains a strong appeal to the members of the Church, from which we make the following extract:

"Continue, then, brethren, steadfast in your attachment to the Apostolic See, as obedient children of the Church; and, after the example of the first Christians, who prayed for Peter, when he was imprisoned by Herod, pray for our Holy Father, that he may be rescued from the power of his enemies. Their object is doubtless to strip him of all of his dominions, and make him a mere dependent on the civil government, or a victim and martyr; but the devices of the impious are vain, whilst the divine counsels cannot be defeated. In his own good time God will come to the aid of His servant. The tiara may be torn from his head, and he may be cast

into a dungeon, but he will come forth full of majesty, as his predecessor, the seventh Pius, came forth in triumph, and was welcomed by his devoted people."

The Crops.

A letter from Houston, Texas, under date of July 4th, says that in many sections of that State the agriculturalists have suffered, and are continuing to suffer, much for want of rain.—The corn crop will be a short one; of wheat it is said that a larger amount has been realized than ever before in one season; oats, rye and the small grains generally have turned out well. The Irish potato crop has proved abundant.—A good yield of sweet potatoes may yet be realized. Stock generally is doing well on the prairies.

The Abington (Virginia) Democrat states that the farmers there are in the midst of their wheat harvest. From all the quarters, nearly, it is reported that the wheat, though thin upon the ground, is well filled with good heavy grain; while a few persons state that their crops were never better. The general yield will be rather short, but much better than was expected a few weeks ago. The Editor of the Democrat has been into several counties recently and never saw finer oats. The corn generally looks well.

The Fincastle (Va.) Sentinel says that samples of oats, with stalks six feet in height, have been left at that office, and the crop will be superior to any raised since 1849.

The Stanton (Va.) Vindicator learns that the wheat crop in Bath, Pocahontas and Pendleton, promises finely. The harvest has not yet commenced. The corn looks fine, and the grass never better. This is especially gratifying when it is remembered that last year these counties were sorely visited by frost, which destroyed nearly the entire crop.

In several counties in Western New York, the wheat harvest has fairly commenced, and before the close of the present week, the larger part of the wheat will doubtless be secured. The Palmyra Courier of Friday says that several early pieces of wheat had been within two or three days, cut in that section, and that winter barley was being cut in all directions. The unharvested crops in Bucks county, promise an unusually large yield.

The apple crop of Chester county (Pa.) will be a failure for 1861. It was destroyed by late ice in the spring. Nevertheless here and there an orchard may be found which is an exception to the failure. The farmers are now engaged in harvesting one of the heaviest crops of wheat they have ever raised. With here and there an exception, where it has been knocked down by the hail, the crop is an excellent one. The straw is of full growth, and the heads are well filled, without miller or blight of any kind. In the northern townships of the county bordering along the Schuylkill, the harvest generally commences a week earlier than in other sections of the county, and many of the farmers in the Vincents, Pikesland and Conventries, have already housed a large portion of their grain in good order. This week, should the weather continue favorable, the larger portion of the crop throughout the county will be harvested.

TARBORO RAILROAD.

Capt. S. L. Fremont, the Superintendent, and Mr. David Biset, the Contractor, (says the Tarboro Southern, of the 14th inst.) were in town on Tuesday last, on business connected with our Branch Railroad. The hands are at work near here, and a passenger car occasionally runs from Rocky Mount to within a few miles of town. We are informed that arrangements are in progress to commence running a four horse stage from Greenville, and a two horse hack from Hamilton, about the 1st August next, to connect with the Railroad here.

BEAR KILLED.

A very large, wild male bear was killed in Iredell county, on or near the waters of Hunting Creek, on the 21st of June. The bear was 7 feet 3 inches in length and 2 feet across the shoulders; and weighed 225 pounds. He was in very thin order, but it was supposed by a great many who saw him, that if he had been in good condition he would have weighed 450 or 500 pounds. After chasing him with some 20 hounds for about four miles the stout beast took a tree, and after shooting him about 25 times with shot guns and rifles, we brought him to the ground dead.—Salemville Express.

RECOLLECTING THE ACT.

The New York Albion, a few days since, called on the Englishmen of that city to do something for a daughter, eight years old, of John Hart, the American coxswain of the ship Powhatan, who was killed by a shot from the Chinese forts, while going in a boat with Commodore Tatnall to the relief of the English. The call has been responded to already by Mr. Benj. Woodward of Worcester, Mass., who telegraphs that he will adopt, and bring up as his own, the child of John Hart.

VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE.

The Alexandria, Va., Gazette says a firm in that city has an invoice of boots, hats and trunks, packed and ready for shipment to Hong Kong, China. The same firm are in daily expectation of another order from Asia, and expect to ship 15,000 pair of shoes to Hong Kong in the course of a few weeks.

REV. J. B. HARDWICK.

The Danville Appeal says this eminent divine, who has had charge of one or more churches in Pittsylvania county for seven years past, has accepted a call to the Byrnes street Baptist Church of Petersburg.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Retrospection.

BY IVA CLAYTON.

As before the vision rises
All the past's dead form again.
While the earlier fancy buildeth
Follow on in memory's train.
Come, oh, so faintly, softly,
Footsteps of departed years,
Standing on sweet memory's threshold—
Waking the heart of pearly tears.

The present—why alone have with me:
The future—why its tale can tell?
The past—only in memory's cell,
With its sweet and holy spell.
There are memories, oh, how bitter,
Those that fill the heart with pain;
Memories of bygone scenes,
Such as we would not live again.

But, among the memories cherished,
Treasured deep within the heart,
Mixed with the sad, the bitter,
Pleasant memories bear a part.
Life has its storms, but sunny weather
Sometimes chases gloom away,
Wherefore rejoice, since life can never
Be one ceaseless summer day.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Portrait.

BY ELLIZ.

A simple work of art,
But prized all art above,
He wore it next his heart—
The portrait of his love.

Though she was far away,
Beyond his penitence sigh,
Her portrait beamed as eyes
With her love-lit eye.

How changeless was its look,
How fond, and still the same;
There faith new sanction took,
And doubt was put to shame.

Ah, when at last they met,
She was no longer fond;
T was easy to forget
A love-task never ended.

She took it with a flush—
Her likeness, now, no more—
And in the pulseless hush
She dashed it to the floor.

The little thing of art
Was shivered then and then
There burst a noble heart,
That ne'er shall love again.

RUTH WARREN:

STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

CHAPTER I.

Near a little village of Connecticut, land of gray rocks and rushing waters, stood a little hut, humble in its beauty, and beautiful in its simplicity. The village has long since grown to be a flourishing town, an emporium for the surrounding country, while the cottage has in all probability mouldered away, or been torn down by the hand of civilization. It was in the days of the American Revolution, when there was little attention paid by the sturdier class to architectural elegance—but the beauty of this cottage lay in its simplicity. But a little patch was cleared and that was rather to the one side, while a belt of forest land of a hundred yards width or more separated from the village, which we will designate Haverhill. Behind, was a dense forest where yet the wild beast roamed, and the panther raised its young. Beautiful and sublime was that dense wood; the wind sighed through its garbled branches, and gave an air of gloom, a sound of loneliness that was oppressive. And yet its appearance was grand and intensely fascinating. This forest did not come up immediately to the house, but a little vacant area separated; on the edge of the wood was a little brook, purring and murmuring as it carried its waters to the beautiful Connecticut.

It was a log house plastered apparently on the outside; but upon closer examination, it would be noticed that there was a log house within, each supplementing the other. This was done, not for comfort, pleasure or warmth, but rather as a protection from the Indians, who had not been entirely driven away. Within were only two rooms, and one of them unoccupied. A fair girl was the only tenant of the other. She was not fair in the common recognition of the word—she was not embellished with the beauties of fashion and the delicacies of art. She was not dressed in elegance, or decked with luxurious apparel. But the same skillful artist that painted the roses of the vine clambering over her door, tinged her cheeks, and he that clothed the lily of the field, gave the same fair impress upon her forehead, and neck. She had a wealth of hair—golden yellow hair that hung about her neck, not in curls, but in clusters. And her eye showed a depth of love and beauty. Her home spun dress hung neatly and tidily. And her form needed not the developments of modern fashion to give it beauty. Elegantly rounded, and well proportioned she was a specimen not of beauty but of fine figure and of sweetness of expression.

Maidenhood! Ah! it is indeed woman alone, that is beautiful. How beautiful the tender plant grows up to be a graceful tree; when its early youth is present, and its leaves are yet fresh and green; when its growth is developed, and its treacherous manifest. The youth is but a prototype. How then, we ought to cherish those principles, which engender the graceful, the beautiful, the lovely, not of body only, but of the soul, instilling them into the minds of those who are to be the mothers of our wise and good. How pure should be the motives of these, as pure as the breast that confines the throbbing heart.

The robin's song is more joyous, more light-some and soul-inspiring, when it has barely received its full growth, ere it has paired in the spring. So the maiden, in more love-inspiring when her developed form buds into womanhood, and her heart knows for the first time its wealth of love.

Ruth Warren, for such was the name of the girl in question, was pausing from her labor as if in deep meditation; and as her soft bright eyes turned to the earthen floor, it could be seen, that she was in trouble about something. At last with the air of determination she looked up, exclaiming:

"Aye, I will. I should not hesitate—God, thy presence be with me."

It was not spoken hurriedly or defiantly, but with the deepest reverence and affection.

It was no sooner said than acted upon, and rising from her place she called, and a little boy, apparently her brother, came. She dispatched him to the village to her mother, who was spending the night there, with a note.—As soon as he was off, she busied herself putting things to order for the night. On a nail hung a rush basket and taking it down, she locked the door of the cabin, and wended her way through the wood. She had not gone far, before she stopped at the foot of a slender fir, remarkably tall, and taking from her basket a large knife, which she had been careful to bring with her, she commenced cutting the roots and digging up the earth near by. She continued her labor for some time, and not finding anything, she rose with an expression of anxiety, trouble and alarm—threatening the little path quickly back to the cabin, and surveying with a scrutinizing eye, the edge of the wood, she went again to the forest more cautiously, and ultimately as if catching sight of something that seemed to relieve her mind she quickened her gait. Rapidly she approached in the dense forest, another fir that had very much the same appearance, as the one at which she first stopped. Digging here hurriedly she soon came to a box. Carefully clearing away the dirt, she opened and found within abundance of ammunition. Seizing in her basket as much powder and balls, as she could conveniently carry, she cautiously covered it again, taking care to scatter dead leaves over the spot.

She had finished the work, and looking up she saw that the sun was almost setting—And to heighten her anxiety a heavy black cloud, beautiful now indeed, when the bright sun fringed it with its gold and crimson, gathering ominously in the west. Moreover the forest was so dense that the lingering light of the sun was much obstructed. So fast did Ruth Warren travel with her nimble step that she seemed rather a spirit from another world, passing over the earth.

Her brisk gait carried her for more than a mile and she approached a farm-house. For several years around it was cleared, and it could be seen that the owner was a man of wealth.

"Thus far, I am right," said Ruth; "and if I can pass by this Tory's house unseen, I will be nearly safe."

With renewed diligence she applied herself and redoubled her energy—as the sun had just set.

Sunset! how beautiful the blushing west at the departure of the Lord of Day! Brilliant colors—as fleeting as bright. How much is this like life. The most modest and retiring, decked with the emblem of purity and modesty, how often prove to be mock modest. And those brilliant colors that fringe the heavy clouds of life how fast they fade!

Yet there surely is a brighter view. What an unmerited joy there is in knowing that the darker scenes of life have a gliding to relieve—and even if it is fleeting, it still tells us that the cloud is as fleeting.

CHAPTER II.

It looked like an old house, although the weight of years could not have rested heavily upon it. Built after the old, English plan, it was a large rambling house, very much such as would be styled Elizabethan in its structure, suggesting at first sight that it was a combination or joining of houses, although upon more rigid examination, it would be seen that the plan was unique. Terraces beautifully grassed, and part-ones were its immediate surroundings, while a winding road through a forest of primeval grandeur, conducted to the house. At present however, it looked desolate, and had the air of desolation. This was to Ruth a most unaccountable circumstance, as it was known far and wide, as Runnelston Palace, a rendezvous for Tories, and a depository for royal arms and ammunition. Pondering upon these things it occurred to her, that perhaps the same circumstances which called her from her home, had caused the desertion of the Runnelston Palace. In her examinations of the premises, she had to be particularly guarded, as it would be an easy matter for the indwellers to see her while perhaps she would not discover, that any one was observing her.

Revolving these things in her mind she ceased her rapid gait, and upon recovering from her thoughts she renewed her energies, as the night had nearly set in. The clouds were still ominous, although occasionally the moon shone out with unusual brilliancy. She was enabled to keep her way, by these appearances and light.

If there is one thing more beautiful than another upon this earth, as God has created it; if there is one thing more surprisingly sublime than another, it seems that such a scene as would be presented on such a night as this would be so. The heavens are covered

with heavy scudling clouds, rendered doubly black and threatening by the darkness of the deepening night. The wind sweeps fresh and strong, bearing before it with incredible velocity the rain garments—as black messengers of deluge and death. Ever and anon the moon deigns to brighten the scene, smiling upon it with her rain washed and cloud-kissed face.—There is not the gorgeousness and splendor attending the bursting forth of the sun; there is not the deep red coloring, the brilliant gold fringing or the faint purple flush, which accompanies the ray of the ruler by day, but a soft, silvery edging to the heavy cloud and the white light of the moon is all that is attendant upon this scene. And yet how beautiful is that edging, how sweet is that mild ray!

But no such thoughts as these occupied the mind of Ruth. Her anxieties seemed to be awakened, her fears seemed to be aroused, that she had been discovered. And thus she reasoned in herself:

"It was dark, and I was in the edge of the wood; could it have been possible for any one at the Palace to have seen me? True, I saw the beautiful grass-plats and the rich colored flowers, but the Runnelston Palace is on a hill and day-light would linger longer about the place."

Thus she thought, but still she could not quiet her fears or calm her excitement. Her anxiety however, had but the effect of hastening her gait, and her excitement preserved her from weariness. Though she felt the weight of the basket she was carrying, yet she faltered not, and with ceaseless agility she walked. Already she had come many miles, but the distance before her was long and tiresome, and her thoughts needed busy occupation, lest she should become disheartened and tremble.

Let us for the present leave her on her journey, on her errand of mercy and patriotism, and trace another thread of the story for our better understanding.

CHAPTER III.

The day before the occurrence of these events, three might have been seen passing the same by-road, but in an opposite direction a horseman, gallantly and whimsically dressed; and a steed, swift as the riverlet seemed to be.—There was something sinister in his expression and he put on the air of a fool. That immediate neighborhood was rank with Tories, and they without hesitation supposed him to be a spy. The freemen too trembled as he passed, for they feared that he would report the paucity and seariness of their numbers. Neither the one party or the other, however, dared to arrest his movements—both feared alike and yet both were anxious that his character should be revealed. The fame of him though it could not go before him spread far and wide on either side, and all were awake, and desirous to unveil the mystery.

None seemed more seriously alarmed, none professed so boldly that they would capture the flying horseman, as did Sir George Runnelston of Runnelston palace, and the threats were quivering on his lips, when the gay fool with his swift steed passed by. In silence and wonder he gazed, and the stranger passed unnoticed. Impotent with rage at his own weakness, and breathless with his anger, he called to his attendants to pursue. In a few moments Sir George with a score of friends hotly followed. They quickly overtook the stranger, and demanded a search. As if not comprehending their behest he cried out:

"They have killed my grandmother, and my spirit rode this way. Have you seen it? oh! have you seen it?"

It was a wild, piercing cry that followed—the wail of anguish. Sir George and his men, enraged as they were, could not but be softened at his bitter cries.

"Here is a tress of her hair, all matted with blood. Oh! they have killed her! And here is her own cup gory and red, and here is her cape, spattered with blood. You see they must have thrown her down, and plunged into her neck the knife, and thus severed her jugular vein; the blood would have run into her hair and clotted on the cap, while her cape would have been spattered on. They told me, her spirit rode this way. Say, have you seen it?"

"Poor fool," said Sir George, "let us leave him."

The party that pursued so rapidly, returned slowly. Those that swore revenge in their anger, were sorrowful.

The stranger gazed upon them a wild and sorrowful countenance. As long as they were in sight, his eye was fixed upon them. When they disappeared, he cried again:

"Oh! I must search for her spirit!"

So saying, he mounted his steed and arranging himself, he rode swiftly away.

Not many minutes elapsed before there was heard at the door of the little log cottage, of which we have before spoken, a short, sudden rapping, which Ruth hastened to answer. Opening the door, her surprise was inconceivable, when there stepped in a being so fantastically dressed, but with such a gentlemanly demeanor, that she could not but pardon his boldness.

"Are you alone?" he inquired.

"I am, sir, and I rely upon your honor as a gentleman that I shall be unharmed. I desire to know the object of this visit, as unpleasant, as it is unexpected."

This remark Ruth made with some haughtiness.

"By my honor as a gentleman," replied the visitor, placing his hand upon his heart, "by my honor as a gentleman and a freeman,

you shall be unharmed; and I pray you, do not consider this visit disagreeable, as it is a pleasing duty I have to perform. Can you conduct me into a more private room so that I can be entirely alone with you?"

A multitude of thoughts passed through the mind of the lowly peasant girl, as exciting and confused as they were many. At length a hideous idea flashed through her, revealing itself plainly by her countenance, as she gave her assent, by an involuntary shake of the head. The stranger quickly caught the meaning of that expression of countenance, and hastily said:

"Be not alarmed; I am a Christian freeman; only assure me that my conversation will not be heard."

"It will not, sir, as there is no one with me but a younger brother, who is now out seeking game."

"It is desirable that even he should not see me; but as my errand is short, I can complete the message I have, in short time."

"Will you please excuse my inattention and impudently, allow me to prepare some refreshment for you?" interrupted Ruth.

"My fair girl, do not disturb yourself about me, as I have important business to occupy me, during the night. I am from Breed's Hill, Boston. Some of the American forces are centred there; and are daily expecting an attack. I have been sent out to get ammunition on our supply is scanty, and we are also desirous to know whether the British have many Tory friends near here. You have a brother in the freeman's army, have you not?"

"I have, sir," replied Ruth, listening with rapt attention.

"He described this route to me, and told me that I would pass the residence of his mother. You are his sister; is your name Ruth?"

"It is."

"Beautiful name! but I can not wait—he directed me to give this to you;" drawing a scrap of paper, from his gay-colored sleeve, and giving it to Ruth.

"I have assumed the character of a lunatic, that I might be free from danger, and might have a better opportunity of spying the country. I offer this as an excuse for my unsightly appearance, before you, my fair lady."

So saying, he took Ruth's hand to bid a good-bye, and imprinting a burning kiss, he mounted his steed and galloped off.

Blushes mantled the cheek of the simple maiden, and she would have reproved the gallant stranger, but her tongue refused.

Opening the paper which was delivered to her, and with which such incidents were connected, she found an urgent appeal from her brother to bring to him as much, as she could conveniently, of ammunition, with special directions as to its place of secrecy, and as to the route she should follow.

It was this that caused her so much thought and care on the evening with which our story begins. Would it be possible for a mere girl to go such a long distance through an unbroken country almost, and where yet the wild beasts ruled? Would it be possible too, that this could be done at night, which was particularly requested? Even if it could be done with little labor and trouble, would it be proper for a girl, unprotected and unable to defend herself, to undertake such a task? These were the questions, this fair daughter of the forest debated, and which she decided affirmatively.

As much as this age is given to panegyric and laudation, still there has been sufficient praise given to the women of the Revolution. We are not of that class who are devoted to compliment, but it is indeed our sincere wish and desire to give all praise to the mothers of our great and good, not in compliment but in justice. We should pay the tribute of a nation's love to those, who braved dangers, endured toil and underwent hardships that they might relieve and comfort those who had risked their lives for their liberties. We should celebrate in monumental brass, and wreath in poetry those names, which are already engraved upon the nation's heart.—Though they fought not with their hands and battled not against flesh and blood, yet with their kind words and kinder care, they incited to action, or relieved in distress, yet with their ceaseless, fervent prayers they called down the aid of the God of hosts, the God who maketh his people free! And shall it be said that the American people are ungrateful?

CHAPTER IV.

It was very dark. The moon which was not quite full had gone down, and the starlight was feeble and dim. It was nearly morning, and all the occupants of the Runnelston Palace were wrapped in the most profound sleep. At least, thus it would seem to the looker-on.

There was one, however, who thought differently. It was our gay horseman, whose character has been revealed to the reader, as a spy. Slowly and cautiously he traversed the premises. He examined the terrace-work, and with a dark-lantern, he carefully ransacked the basement stories, scrutinizing every corner. Many of the rooms were unlocked and he found none of them to contain anything of interest. Groping and straining his eyes, searching with the lantern, he made slow progress. About to give up in disgust, he discerned what he thought to be a door, and examining as far as he was able, he concluded that it was a door to a secret room. This roused his curiosity and excited him so, that he renewed his energies and redoubled his labors. It was near morning too, and he was thus made more diligent—as he knew that if he was discovered, the nearest bough would be made his gallows.

After much labor to open this door he failed, and turning away, he kicked it, shaking off the dust of his feet, and the door flew open. What a spectacle presented itself to him! It was a vault carefully excluded from all light and air, and as it opened, a most sickening breath came forth, owing to the confined air, and the decaying animal matter. The lantern threw a ghastly ray throughout the apartment, which was apparently a new one, as only two coffins were to be seen. After peering around the spy turned away, and closed the door with a heavy, dull sound.

Thus far, his toil had been useless. It occurred to him, however, that he had met with a similar depression in the wall, which he scarcely considered to be a door, in another part of the building. Directing his search for this end, he discovered at last a similar vault, which had been built with a similar design. The wall was low, and the air close and confined; it was used however for a totally different purpose. It was the powder magazine of the Runnelston Palace! How the heart leaped in its ecstasy! How it bounded in its excitement! In his thrill of joy he knew not what to do; several plans suggested themselves, but to him none seemed to be proper or feasible. He quickly resolved, for not a moment had he to spare.

It had not before occurred that he might without danger secure some of the ammunition. But how could he carry any to Breed's Hill? He had nothing with him but a pair of saddle-bags and they contained his apparel. Stripping himself of his gay-colored saque, which was made after the English fashion of full and flowing sleeves, he made perfectly secure and fast the wrist-band, and filled both sleeves full, and carrying them out, threw the saque across his faithful steed. By this incident he obtained, nearly sixty pounds of powder, and added to his appearance as a lunatic. Getting from his saddle-bags a fall, white gown and a pair of stockings, such as were worn by gentlemen of that time, and rapidly returned, as it was nearly the dawn of day. The one he threw over his shoulders, the other he filled with the powder, and treated as he did his saque.

And now his aim was to destroy the rest, but he had not noticed that the floor of the vault was laid with Dutch tiles, instead of being a mere earthen floor. Inserting his knife between two of them, he gradually took up one and having taken up one he could readily loosen and take up the rest. Having thus uncovered the floor, he loosened the dirt with his knife, and scattered keg after keg of powder over the floor, anon stooping and digging up the earth and intermixing it with the powder, thus rendering it useless. He labored thus longer than he thought, for the daylight did not appear to him in that dark vault. Hastily replacing the tiles, and re-arranging the empty kegs as they were before his entrance he departed.—Attempting to close the door, it shut violently with a heavy noise that made the palace tremble.

What would be now the fate of the spy?—He had discovered himself, and what must he expect! The door had hardly shut, ere he knocked rapidly and loudly at the door of the Palace of Sir George Runnelston.

It was opened by Sir George in person.—His worst fears were realized, for the haggard face, and care-worn countenance revealed that he had not slept.

"What is your will, speak quickly," the lord of the manor asked roughly.

"Oh! is not the spirit of my grandmother here?"

"You are a spirit yourself; get you gone, and away with your prating foolishness."

"Oh! Sir George, turn me not hence; tell me is not the spirit of my grandmother lingering here?"

The latter cries of the poor lunatic, called to the door, several persons, whom our spy immediately supposed to be Tories, and he scrutinized them earnestly, under a gaze of vacancy. Sir George proved them for thus appearing:

"You should not have come out, my gallant friends, he is only a harmless lunatic; I have known him long."

He then addressed himself to the spy:—

"Do you seek your grand mother's spirit? You will find her, if you search before the sun rises in the shadows of the wood."

"Come, oh! come, search with me!"

"I cannot," said Sir George petulantly.

"I have a score or more of friends with me, so go away with your nonsense."

The lunatic with his ghastly garment turned sorrowfully away, and the door of the Palace was closed upon him, but his aim was accomplished. He had not been discovered.

"Pray, my dear Sir George, may not this be a spy?" said one of the party to Runnelston as he returned to the council-room.

"Oh no, it cannot be; the fellow has really no sense, and the death of his grandmother has settled his derangement. He fears she was killed, or died by foul means; and has been told, which he firmly believes, that her spirit has passed through this way, and this is the cause of his enquiry."

Before the sun rose, the lunatic was far, far away.

(To be continued.)

Gov. Gist of South Carolina, has received and acknowledged in a letter of July 5th one of the John Brown papers from Ed. Ruffin, of Va.

Col. A. A. McCartney, editor of the North Alabama Times, at Decatur, died on the 20th ult.

A Convention of the Democrats of Maryland has been called for the 9th of August.

THE TIMES.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

For sale.—Single subscribers, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$1.50, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address: COLE & ALBRIGHT.

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Wanted Immediately.

A boy, who has a good English education, about 15 years old, who can come well recommended, will be taken as an apprentice to the printing business, if application be made soon.

Sons of Temperance.

The Beaufort Journal of Saturday, gives the proceedings of the semi annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of North Carolina, held at Beaufort, Wednesday and Thursday.

There were but few members in attendance, and little business of importance was transacted. Wednesday night was inclement and no speeches were delivered. Thursday morning, the delegates attended by a large concourse of the citizens made an excursion upon the steamer *Wilson*, kindly furnished them by the proprietors of the Front Street Hotel, to Morehead and Carolina City, and to Fort Macon. At night, G. W. P. Foard, P. G. W. P. Sterling, G. S. Gorman, and—Litchford delivered speeches in the M. E. Church to quite a large audience. Friday morning at 10 o'clock the delegates, members of Beaufort Division and several citizens assembled at Beaufort Female Seminary and addresses were made.

Several of the delegates left Thursday afternoon and others Friday. The members of Beaufort Division who were prevented by the weather, Wednesday and Thursday evenings from having a procession with music and transparencies, determined to close the celebration of the week by such a procession Friday night.

They marched through the principal streets till quite a late hour, making an imposing appearance. Upon the green at the corner of Ann and Turner streets a speech was delivered by a Member of the Division, Bro. James Thomas, which was highly applauded.

The present flourishing prospect of the Division in Beaufort must be a source of gratification to every lover of good order, and to every philanthropist.

The Grand Scribe reported the numerical and financial condition of the Order in a cheering condition, and stated at least one congratulatory fact, viz: that the number of expulsions for the last two quarters was much less than usual, while, at the same time the number of initiations was as large as the several quarters preceding.

Military Convention.

A state military convention was held in Goldsboro, the 11th inst. The object of the Convention was to take into consideration the inefficiency of the militia laws of the State, and to recommend and adopt such measures as are calculated to encourage the volunteer system of North Carolina.

The work of the convention can be better expressed in the language of the resolutions passed:

Resolved, That we hereby recommend to the convention that a committee be appointed consisting of two members from each Congressional District, for the State of North Carolina, the said committee to draft a military code, under the instruction and subject to the action of this convention, and that the said committee report the same to the next legislature of this State, and urge by all honorable means, its adoption by that body.

Resolved, That we recommend that the different arms of the service in this State, adopt the system of tactics used at the military Academy at West Point.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Legislature of North Carolina to furnish the Military companies of the State with the latest and most approved arms.

Resolved, That the committee, appointed to memorialize the Legislature, be instructed to recommend to the Legislature that they elect an Adjutant General for the State, with a competent salary.

Resolved, That the committee on Military Code be instructed to insert a section, requiring all volunteer companies to go into camp two days, at least, in each year, and that the Governor be requested to order a general encampment of all volunteer companies, once each year, and that each member receive two dollars a day, while on camp duty.

Resolved, That each company that will signify their intention to perform camp duty, twice in each year, shall be supplied with tents and camp equipage, by the State.

We learn that 29 companies were represented in the convention, and that it adjourned to meet in Salisbury the 2nd Wednesday in November next.

A LIBERAL CLOWN.

Dan Rice, of whom so much has been said and written, has recently been rusticated in Girard, Erie county, Pa. The young ladies of the Presbyterian Church got up a fair and appealed to Daniel for a donation. Dan handed over \$1,000 for purchasing a library for the Church.

Foreign Religious News.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN ITALY.

A striking evidence of the progress of Protestantism in Italy, is given in the fact that the last Synod of the Waldensian Church, resolved to transfer the Theological Seminary under their care from La Tour, its present location, to the city of Florence. Such a step would have been madness a few years ago; it is now the result of conservative and aggressive policy. Not only at Florence, where Gavanzi boldly proclaims the gospel, but in all parts of Italy which are included in the enlarged dominions of Savoy, the Bible is tolerated, and prudent missionaries of the gospel may have access to a willing people. Storms purify the atmosphere, and these Italian wars may have their uses for the cause of religion, as well as of civil liberty.

CHRISTIAN MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

Syria holds a place of affection in the hearts of the Christian, being the land in which transpired many of the most touching scenes given in the Bible. But religiously and civilly it is in a most horrible condition. The present population is estimated at 2,000,000. It is divided into several religious sects, that hate each other and wage exterminating wars. One of these cruel wars, more properly termed massacres, is now deluging that country in blood. A correspondent of the Boston Traveler writing from Beirut, under date of June 6th, gives an account of the war raging near that city. He says:

Druses and Christians, numbering hundreds of thousands, are now engaged in wholesale murder, arson and pillage, in which fiendish work they are aided by Turks, Moslem Arabs, and the people known as the Metawales.

From my window last week, I counted from twenty to thirty burning villages on the mountain a few miles from Beirut, from whence the flash of musketry may easily be seen, and the valleys heard one after another in rapid succession, as they echo through the valleys. The dying and the dead are brought daily into the town in large numbers, and the widows and orphans may be seen in crowds weeping and wailing about the streets.

The barbarity of this war is truly shocking. Men, women and children are overtaken while fleeing for refuge and without arms, are ruthlessly slaughtered while praying for quarter.

The Christians have thus far suffered most terribly. Their villages have been burned, their crops destroyed, and great numbers have been brutally murdered, while the Druses, who are better warriors, and far more courageous, are assisted by the Turks, Moslem, and Metawales, and up to this time have proven successful.

This bloody war which is waged on both sides as a war of extermination, has its origin in religion and political causes. The Christians and Druses hate each other with a deadly hatred on account of the difference in their religious faith—and the Christians hate the Druses with a special hatred, because the Druses are, in a great many of the mountain Christian districts, feudal chiefs and rulers over the Christian or Maronite and Greek Catholic villages.

The American missionaries in Mount Lebanon have been greatly exposed, but as yet have suffered only for want of provisions.

Upon the breaking up of the war, Mr. Consul Johnson sent guards for their protection, and in some cases provisions. Some of the families of the Mission have come down to Beirut under an escort furnished by the Consul, and others are daily expected. No danger personal to the Americans in Mount Lebanon is apprehended, as they are well known and well protected, but their work is stopped by the war, their homes become asylums for the wounded and the fearful; in fact, they are crowded out by the people who seek their protection; for wherever the American flag is seen waving on the housetop, the people flock there in great numbers for admission.

The humanity shown by the Americans in Beirut to the wounded, the homeless and the starving refugees from the mountains, will long be remembered by the natives of the country.

The American Mission premises are crowded day and night by women and children crying for bread, which they receive with comfort and consolation from the American missionaries.

Information is daily received of fresh cases of the most horrible butchery of native Christians, and it would seem as if the Druses and Moslems were leagued to exterminate them, root and branch.

This morning we learn of a large number of peasantry having been induced to return to their villages, where they were all killed in cold blood, and of the murder of five ecclesiastics of the Latin Church, who were shot down near the walls of Sidon.

The success of the Druses has undoubtedly stirred up all the Moslem hostility to Christians, and a general insurrection seems to be trembling in the balance.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

A correspondent of the New York Post, under date of Shanghai, April 29, communicates intelligence of the death of Rev. Mr. Lowrie, a highly respected missionary:

The American Presbyterian Mission has just met with a great loss in the death of the Rev. R. Lowrie. His father, if I mistake not, resides in the city of New York. This is the second of his sons who has died in connection with the Presbyterian mission in China. The first was killed by pirates while passing from one port to another, several years since. The one just dead was regarded as a man of great promise.

The subscription for a botanical garden in the New York Central Park has reached \$23,000.

North Carolina Railroad.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this Road was held in the Commons Hall, Raleigh, on the 12th inst. Dr. W. B. Holt, of Davidson, was called to the chair, and E. R. Stanly, of Craven, and Thos. Webb, of Orange acted as secretaries.

John W. Thomas, Esq., of Davidson, represented the State in the meeting. Mr. Thomas announced the following Directors for the ensuing year on the part of the State: D. M. Barringer, W. T. Dorth, R. P. Dick, P. C. Cameron, J. I. Shaver, P. B. Hawkins, Samuel Hargrave, and John D. DeLamy. The following Directors were elected on the part of the stockholders: Giles Mebane, of Alamance; C. F. Fisher, of Rowan; Alexander McRae, of New Hanover; and R. J. Ashe, of Orange.

From the report of the President and Directors, it appears that the total receipts of the Road for the previous year reached \$427,104.87 being an increase over the receipts of the previous year of \$18,089.62. The expenses for the same time foot up \$122,937.52; net profits \$254,167.35.

During the fiscal year just ended the State has been paid six per cent. on her preferred stock of one million. The State and stockholders have been paid the declared dividend of two per cent. on the remaining three millions of capital. The eight per cent. interest of twenty-seven thousand dollars has been paid in two instalments, and the regular instalment of twenty-five thousand dollars for the sinking fund of the bond debt set aside, making a sum total of payments last year of \$172,000.—That is,

For the six per cent. dividend to State.....\$60,000
For the two per cent. dividend to State.....20,000
For interest on eight per cent. bonds.....25,000
For Sinking Fund.....25,000
\$130,000

The Board have also declared a dividend of three per cent. to State and stockholders, payable on and after the 12th of August.

In response to a proposition from the Atlantic and N. C. Railroad, Messrs. V. C. Barringer, John W. Thomas, and Gov. Manly were appointed a committee to confer with said Board in relation to establishing a line of steamers from Morehead City.

The Board of Directors unanimously re-elected Charles F. Fisher President of the Rail Road, notwithstanding Mr. Fisher had made a formal resignation of the road to the stockholders. This is no ordinary compliment to Mr. Fisher, and as the Road has regularly increased in clear profits for the past several years under his administration, we hope the coming year may be still more prosperous.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer *Vanderbilt*, from Liverpool on the 4th inst., has arrived.

Among the passengers are John C. Heenan the pugilist; and Col. Ciprian. The latter comes to make arrangements for Prince Napoleon's visit to this country.

There had been numerous failures among the leather merchants of England, with aggregate liabilities amounting to £500,000. The American houses in the hide trade at Liverpool were not compromised.

There had been fresh disturbances at Naples. The police stations were sacked and pillaged, and many of the keepers killed. The King had arrived, and ordered the immediate formation of the National Guard.

An ambassador from Naples was expected soon at Turin, with a proposition for an alliance with Sardinia.

Garibaldi's Sicilian Ministry was unpopular. There had been fresh massacres in Sicily.

Prince Napoleon had succeeded Jerome Bonaparte as President of the Privy Council.

The Neapolitan Minister at Paris had resigned. The Portuguese Ministry had dissolved.

There was a skirmish at Messina on the 30th between detachments of Garibaldi's men and portions of the royal troops.

Garibaldi had appointed a new ministry, including Signor Natalie for Foreign Affairs. Morocco has paid the first instalment of indemnity to Spain.

An understanding will be arranged between Sardinia and Naples relative to the common interests of their crowns in Italy.

The Africa, Prince Albert and North Britain had arrived out.

A GREEK NEWSPAPER.

The prospectus of a weekly illustrated paper printed in modern Greek and published in London, every Thursday, has recently been issued. It will be called "The British Star," and its object will be to promote the interchange of authentic and accurate information between the East and the West.

EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMERS.

The Viceroy of Egypt has given orders that a scientific expedition should be organized to observe the approaching total eclipse of the sun, at the point where it will leave the earth which will be in Nubia near the Red Sea, a little before sunset on the 18th instant.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE PRINCE'S VISIT. All the London papers are commenting on the Prince of Wales's contemplated visit to the United States. One of them in an article on the subject has a first rate notice of the occupants of the "White House," at Washington.—The following is an extract:

He will learn, too, how cordially he can be received by those who are earnest and hearty republicans; and he will see how complete is the reverence for the law, how willing the courtesy accorded to distinguished Englishmen, though the forms of government and the marks of social distinction differ so widely. If English and benefit by all these experiences in her

leading man, it will be no small benefit to the United States that a spirit of friendly co-operation in the development of commerce, and in every work to which human industry can apply itself shall prevail throughout the homes of the Anglo-Saxon race on this side of the Atlantic.

It befalls most happily that the host of the royal traveler on this occasion will be that President who has most helped to restore the elevated character of the Presidential office in the United States. But James Buchanan is something better still than an able official. Few men in society, whether in Europe or America, have more extensive knowledge of men and things; few have a keener observation, a more ready memory or a clearer method of expression. Unaffected, sagacious, kind hearted and courteous no man better combines qualities to make the very fittest host for the young English prince. And over the hospitalities of the White House presides a natural grace so unaffected, so charming, and so tasteful, that the young heir of England will be among the first to declare that in the capital of the republic, he has seen in their loveliest aspect the qualities that make the sunshine of courts. Surely princes perform one of their noblest functions when they become the bearers of good intelligence and cordial feeling between great States; and never was knight-errant of real life charged with happier quest than that upon which the Prince of Wales is about to set forth. He will win hearty allies among the republicans, and will return the stronger, for his royal work, in body and mind and heart.

OUR RELATIONS WITH PERU.

The U. S. steam corvette *Wyoming*, with dispatches for Minister Clay, containing the ultimatum of the United States Government, arrived at Callao on the 31st May, making the run from Panama in six days. On the 1st of June, Commander Mitchell placed the dispatches in the hands of Mr. Clay, at Lima.

The dispatches to Mr. Clay instruct him to renew the demand of the United States for the settlement of the claims of the American citizens, arising from the seizure and confiscation of the American ships *Lizzie Thompson* and *Georgiana*. Also, to negotiate a treaty with Peru, providing for the appointment of a joint commission to adjust all other claims of the United States against that country; and if these demands are not complied with within five days, then Mr. Clay is further instructed to demand his passport and proceed to Panama in the *Wyoming*. Meantime, the Peruvian Minister at Washington has been notified that if his Government does not accept the ultimatum of the United States, his passport will be furnished to him. Thus are matters coming to a crisis, so far as the United States and Peru are concerned.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SHERIFF.—We are authorized to announce C. A. BOON a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff for the county of Guilford.

DR. J. BOYCE DODD'S IMPERIAL WINE. Bitters are made from a pure and unadulterated wine, which is about double the usual strength of other wines, and is imported by only one house in the United States; also, from the following valuable roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Spikenard, Confrey, Camellia Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Bayberry. We do not profess to have discovered some roots "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation, which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remedy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility, and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed. For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove very beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with Impunity.

CHAS. WIDFIELD & Co., Proprietors.
Sold in Greensboro by Jun 20 PORTER & GORRELL.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE Scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SASSAPARILLA, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our time can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blisters and Boils, Tumors, Tetters and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis and Mercurial Discharges, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiated or impure blood. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, and all druggists and merchants. Jc2-2m

MARRIED.

In Charlotte on the 12th instant, Mr. M. S. Ozment to Mrs. Mary Warren.

In Rowan county, on the 1st inst., Mr. Wm. Johnson to Miss Susan Phillips.

In Catawba county, on the 3d inst., Mr. J. L. Stevenson to Miss Sarah C. Reimer.

In Concord, on the 8th inst., Mr. Rufus W. Barnhardt to Miss Julia Ann Barnhardt.

On Wednesday July 11th, Mr. James B. Ficklin, of Richmond, Va., to Miss Fannie Augusta, daughter of Wm. L. Pamill, Esq., of Chalk Level, Pittsylvania county Va.

On the 11th inst., Wm. H. Woodling, Esq., to Mrs. Jane A. Claiborne, all of Danville.

In Orange county on the 8th inst., Mr. Thos. H. Boone to Miss Richard Hurdle.

DIED.

In Charlotte, on the 30th of May, Mr. Robert F. Barrow, aged 57 years. He had been long a member, and for the last 7 years a Ruling Elder in the Church of Sugar Creek.

In Rowan county, on the 28th ult., Margaret Jane, wife of R. C. Cochran, aged 23 years.

In his carriage, on his way from Charlotte to his residence in York District, on the 6th inst., Mr. S. A. Fair, aged 41 years.

In Edgecombe county, on the 5th inst., Mrs. Betty S. Tambo, aged 22 years, wife of A. D. Tambo, Esq., Editor of the Northern Engineer.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.
July 14.
Bacon 12@15c, beef @8c, beef wax 25c, butter 12c, coffee 00@10c, candles, tallow 20@25c, saltpetre 25@30c, sperm 40c, corn 100c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour 50c, 6, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 1020, 1025, 1030, 1035, 1040, 1045, 1050, 1055, 1060, 1065, 1070, 1075, 1080, 1085, 1090, 1095, 1100, 1105, 1110, 1115, 1120, 1125, 1130, 1135, 1140, 1145, 1150, 1155, 1160, 1165, 1170, 1175, 1180, 1185, 1190, 1195, 1200, 1205, 1210, 1215, 1220, 1225, 1230, 1235, 1240, 1245, 1250, 1255, 1260, 1265, 1270, 1275, 1280, 1285, 1290, 1295, 1300, 1305, 1310, 1315, 1320, 1325, 1330, 1335, 1340, 1345, 1350, 1355, 1360, 1365, 1370, 1375, 1380, 1385, 1390, 1395, 1400, 1405, 1410, 1415, 1420, 1425, 1430, 1435, 1440, 1445, 1450, 1455, 1460, 1465, 1470, 1475, 1480, 1485, 1490, 1495, 1500, 1505, 1510, 1515, 1520, 1525, 1530, 1535, 1540, 1545, 1550, 1555, 1560, 1565, 1570, 1575, 1580, 1585, 1590, 1595, 1600, 1605, 1610, 1615, 1620, 1625, 1630, 1635, 1640, 1645, 1650, 1655, 1660, 1665, 1670, 1675, 1680, 1685, 1690, 1695, 1700, 1705, 1710, 1715, 1720, 1725, 1730, 1735, 1740, 1745, 1750, 1755, 1760, 1765, 1770, 1775, 1780, 1785, 1790, 1795, 1800, 1805, 1810, 1815, 1820, 1825, 1830, 1835, 1840, 1845, 1850, 1855, 1860, 1865, 1870, 1875, 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910, 1915, 1920, 1925, 1930, 1935, 1940, 1945, 1950, 1955, 1960, 1965, 1970, 1975, 1980, 1985, 1990, 1995, 2000, 2005, 2010, 2015, 2020, 2025, 2030, 2035, 2040, 2045, 2050, 2055, 2060, 2065, 2070, 2075, 2080, 2085, 2090, 2095, 2100, 2105, 2110, 2115, 2120, 2125, 2130, 2135, 2140, 2145, 2150, 2155, 2160, 2165, 2170, 2175, 2180, 2185, 2190, 2195, 2200, 2205, 2210, 2215, 2220, 2225, 2230, 2235, 2240, 2245, 2250, 2255, 2260, 2265, 2270, 2275, 2280, 2285, 2290, 2295, 2300, 2305, 2310, 2315, 2320, 2325, 2330, 2335, 2340, 2345, 2350, 2355, 2360, 2365, 2370, 2375, 2380, 2385, 2390, 2395, 2400, 2405, 2410, 2415, 2420, 2425, 2430, 2435, 2440, 2445, 2450, 2455, 2460, 2465, 2470, 2475, 2480, 2485, 2490, 2495, 2500, 2505, 2510, 2515, 2520, 2525, 2530, 2535, 2540, 2545, 2550, 2555, 2560, 2565, 2570, 2575, 2580, 2585, 2590, 2595, 2600, 2605, 2610, 2615, 2620, 2625, 2630, 2635, 2640, 2645, 2650, 2655, 2660, 2665, 2670, 2675, 2680, 2685, 2690, 2695, 2700, 2705, 2710, 2715, 2720, 2725, 2730, 2735, 2740, 2745, 2750, 2755, 2760, 2765, 2770, 2775, 2780, 2785, 2790, 2795, 2800, 2805, 2810, 2815, 2820, 2825, 2830, 2835, 2840, 2845, 2850, 2855, 2860, 2865, 2870, 2875, 2880, 2885, 2890, 2895, 2900, 2905, 2910, 2915, 2920, 2925, 2930, 2935, 2940, 2945, 2950, 2955, 2960, 2965, 2970, 2975, 2980, 2985, 2990, 2995, 3000, 3005, 3010, 3015, 3020, 3025, 3030, 3035, 3040, 3045, 3050, 3055, 3060, 3065, 3070, 3075, 3080, 3085, 3090, 3095, 3100, 3105, 3110, 3115, 3120, 3125, 3130, 3135, 3140, 3145, 3150, 3155, 3160, 3165, 3170, 3175,

Children's Department.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

Little ones, but think of this.

When your tasks you find.

Turn not wearily away.

Do the best you can.

What though discouraged yesterday.

Fretting when you have failed?

Doubts and difficulties fleet.

If with zeal assailed.

Wetly work while youth time lasts.

Life is but a span!

Frowns disfigure little ones.

Do the best you can.

Try each day to do your best.

Seek some one to please.

Trying never yet was best.

Soon you'll work with ease.

Smiles and love be your reward.

By fond friends expressed.

This will be the garden sweet.

If you do your best.

Do your best, then, little ones.

At your work or play.

Happily the hours will pass.

Useful gliding away.

MY DESIRE.

While so busy all the day.

New with work, and new with play.

Let me, Saviour, dwell in thee.

As the light envelopes me.

As the darkness flees away.

So may every sin depart.

From my cold and darkened heart.

Let my every thought arise.

As an incense to the skies.

While I haste to do thy will.

As life's mission I fulfill.

"Jesus, thou art all in all."

Thou my stay, I cannot fall.

Darkness may obscure the way.

But thou wilt not let me stray.

But I would not love alone.

All I meet, oh, let them own.

Thee their Saviour and their King.

Of Thy praises let them sing.

Not for these alone I pray.

Hasten thou the glorious day.

When all nations shall confess.

Thee, their Lord, their righteousness.

QUESTIONS FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

TENTS.

(In each number of the Sunday School Visitor published at Nashville, Tennessee, Dr. Summers presents a series of questions pertaining to some one subject, answers to which the Bible-Classes are expected to find. Teachers would find this an interesting exercise to give their classes.)

1. Who invented tent-making?

God sanctified the solemn occasion to his awakening; and he then and there resolved to meet him in heaven.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a touch of humor, the author gives the reader a glimpse of the life of the solitary.

A physician thus addressed a surgeon, while in their patient's chamber: "You must not forget to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow." "I won't suffer it!" cried the old man, in a fright. "Don't be alarmed, sir," replied the surgeon, "the doctor orders you to be bled." "Oh, as for the bleeding," replied the old man, "that matters little; but as for the phlebotomy, I would sooner die than endure it."

One day as Mr. C. was leaning down the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion, rather loudly, "That is Mr. C.—the same lawyer." Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual force of expression said, "No madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

Mrs. Portington says she can't understand these market reports. She can understand how cheese can be *lardy*, and pork can be *active*, and feathers *drooping*—that is, if it rains; but how whiskey can be *steady*, or spirits *dull*, she can't say; neither how hard can be *firm* in warm weather, nor how *unsettled* nor *four rising*—unless there has been frost put in it, and sometimes it would not rise then.

"Ma, what's for dinner to-day?"

"Dinner, indeed! Bless the child! I do believe you never think of anything else but what you're going to have for dinner!"

"O, yes, I do sometimes, ma."

"When?"

"After I've had it, then I begin to think of what's to be for supper!"

Two sons of green Erin were standing by a hydraulic press, superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other, "Jim! I'd like to put you under her and squeeze the devil out of ye." "Would ye, indeed, my boy?" was the answer. "Squeeze the devil out of ye, and there'd be nethin' left."

A young lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother George Henry saw in the girls that he liked. "So well, and that for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls."

No man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It is all nonsense planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a shot to fall in a steppe chase. You come smash down in the very middle of your speculation.

"I am an unlucky man gentlemen," exclaimed a poor fellow of our acquaintance. "If I should take your advice and seize Time by the forelock, I do believe that it would just come right out and leave him as bald as a barber's block."

A United States Deputy Marshal was lately sent to Springfield, Ill., to summon a Mrs. Thayer, *alias* Burnett, to attend court. He returned, saying he had summoned Mrs. Thayer, "but Alias Burnett could not be found."

A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her niece, he expostulated with her, and requested her plainly to divulge her reasons. "I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection, madam," answered the lover.

At a down-east revival an old lady prayed fervently for the "young lambs of the flock." Another lady asked, "Wouldn't it be as well to include the old ewes?" A titter pervaded the meeting.

Remember what a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed: "He spends his money like water." "Then, of course he liquidates his debts," rejoined a wag.

It is rather cool comfort to ask for the daughter's hand and get the father's boot. A man don't generally want but one such leg-see in a life-time.

"Stop that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter in the midst of a battle; "we can stand fire, but we can't stand that air."

When Jimima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelors was singular?—"Because," she replied, "it is so very singular they don't get married."

Simpkins remarked that money is the great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great lever, indeed," replied Blinks; "I never can keep it."

Prentice thinks an old man makes love at a disadvantage. It must be a very amorous sort of a wink that can captivate through a pair of spectacles.

The Buffa's *Republican* challenges Dr. Winship, the strong man to come to that city and try his strength with a good deal of the butter sold there.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, and which, if collected together, and used daily, would form a volume of useful information available to the student, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

The great value of the Hay Crop and the importance of correct knowledge with reference to the character of the plants we cultivate, induces us to publish again the following observations in Timothy first published by Professor Kirtland, of Ohio. We copy as we find the article quoted in Faint's Grasses and Foreign Plants.

1. That Timothy grass is a perennial plant, which renews itself by an annual formation of "sheaths," or perhaps, more correctly speaking, tubers, in which the vitality of the plant is concentrated during the winter. These form in whatever locality the plant is selected, without reference to dryness or moisture. From these proceed the stalks which support the leaves and head, and from the same source spread out the numerous fibres forming the true roots.

2. To insure a perfect development of tubers, a certain amount of nutrition must be assimilated in the leaves, and returned to the base of the plant, through the stalk.

3. As soon as the process of nutrition is completed, it becomes manifest by the appearance of a state of desiccation or dryness, always commencing at a point directly above either the first or second joint of the stem near the crown of the tuber. From this point the desiccation gradually progresses upwards, and the last portion of the stalk that yields up its freshness is that adjoining the head. Coincident with the beginning of this process, is the full development of the seed, and with its progress its maturity. Its earliest appearance is evidence that both the tubers and seeds have received their requisite supplies of nutrition, and that neither the stalks nor the leaves are longer necessary to aid them in completing their maturity. A similar process occurs in the union just above the crown of the bulb, indicating the maturity of that organ.

4. If the stalk be cut from the tubers before this evidence of maturity has appeared, the necessary supplies of nutrition will be arrested, their proper growth will cease, and an effort will be made to repair the injury by sending out small, lateral tubers, from which weak and unhealthy stalks will proceed, at the expense of the original tubers. All will ultimately perish either by the droughts of autumn or the cold of winter.

5. The tubers, together with one or two of the lower joints of the stalks, remain fresh and green during the winter, if left to take their natural course, but if, by any means, this green portion be severed at any season of the year, the result will be the death of the plant.

From these five propositions the following conclusions are drawn:

1. That Timothy grass cannot, under any circumstances, be adapted for pasture; as the close nipping of horses and sheep is fatal to the tubers, which are also extensively destroyed by swine if allowed to run in the pasture.

2. That the proper time for mowing Timothy is at any time after the process of desiccation has commenced on the stalk, as noted in the third proposition. It is not very essential whether it is performed a week earlier or later, provided it be postponed till that evidence of maturity has become manifest.

3. All attempts at close shaving the sward should be avoided, while using the scythe, and in gauging mowing machines, care should be taken to run them so high that they will not cut the Timothy below the second joint above the tuber.

I have frequently during the past autumn, pulled up the bulbous roots of Timothy, from the stubble from which a heavy crop had been cut with the scythe, while in flower, for the purpose of studying the changes which were taking place in these tubers, and have found them very much as described above, not only on moist, damp soils, but also on soils comparatively dry. Any farmer can satisfy himself of these representations by a little observation in his own fields, and as the point is of practical importance, it is worthy of careful attention.

The facts above alluded to have fallen under the observation of a practical farmer of Middlesex county, who says: "The proper time to cut lucidgrass or Timothy, is after the seed is formed and is full in the milk. It will then give about twenty per cent. more weight than when it is just coming into the blossom, and the cattle will eat twenty per cent. less and keep on their flesh. And I prefer also to cut it at that stage of its growth on account of the roots being better able to withstand the drought. It should be cut four inches from the ground, as most of the Timothy is killed by mowing close and early before it has come to maturity. I have kept Timothy thick and strong in the land six years, by following this method. I have noticed that most of it died out by once or twice close and early mowing before the grass has come to maturity; if it is dry weather it is sure to die when so cut. I lost a whole field of it by mowing too close and early, and I consider the four inches at the bottom of coarse Timothy of little value."

If the seed is allowed to ripen it exhausts the soil far more than if cut in the blossom.

GRAPE JAM.

Boil soft and strain through a sieve, allow a pound of sugar to a pound of the pulp, and boil twenty minutes.

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